MARVEL Comics

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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WILD THING!

Chris Boucher on creating the savage Leela

In this issue

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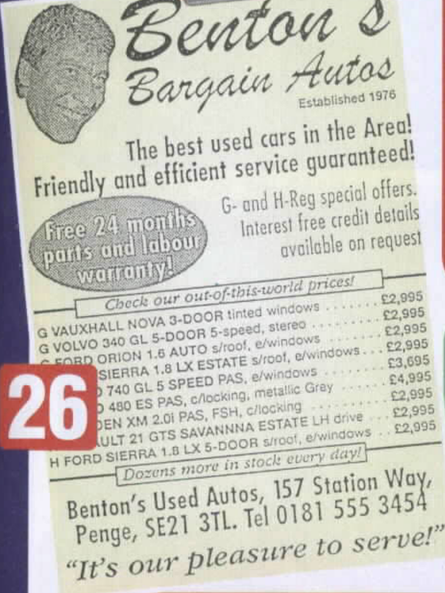

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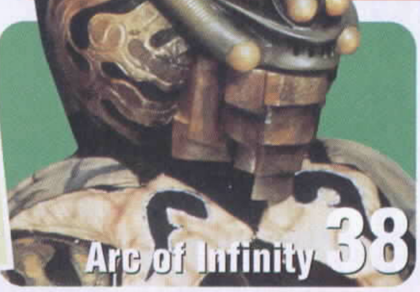
"I don't think Leela went down too well with Tom Baker!"

Chris Boucher 26



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It's now three years since I joined the full-time staff of this magazine and, looking back, it's interesting to consider what has and hasn't changed in the world of *Doctor Who* – and *Doctor Who* fandom – in that time.

I write this on the morning of Friday 19 December, the team's last day in the office before the Christmas and New Year break, and this afternoon 'term' will end with a frenzy of activity as the content of *Gallifrey Guardian* is pulled together. Looking at our notes of what we need to feature, it's going to remarkably similar to the first *Guardian* I edited, back in **DWM** 223. Some particularly tragic news aside, we have a main merchandise-based story, events news, a books round-up and *Outside the Spaceship.*

The big difference is that the **DWM** 223 column was followed by a deluge of letters demanding to know why there was "no new series news." Funnily enough, it's because there wasn't any to tell – although it didn't stop some from believing that we were at the centre of some sinister conspiracy of silence. This month, however, we'll have no mailbag full of chastisements – you won't be shocked to not find any stories of unlikely Doctors, uninspiring scripts or unimpressed Steven Spielbergs over the page. If the 1996 TV Movie served no other purpose, it punctured the bubble of frustration and then-mounting panic about the stalled revival of *Doctor Who.* (The film was also, of course, *fantastic* – and I'll take anyone outside who still wants to disagree.)

The air is clearer now, and we're free to talk about other things. I also have the personal relief of not having to ring the BBC Worldwide press office every week to apologetically plead for any wafer-thin snippet of news about "a new series." *Doctor Who* fans at large have now generally turned to more fruitful pursuits. Happily, rather than taking this second long hiatus (I've always hated that word) as an excuse to go and collect *Babylon 5* videos instead, *Doctor Who* fandom (and that word) has found a new energy, enthusiasm and creative drive. There are more new fanzines being produced than at any time in recent memory, and lots of those writers are moving on to work for magazines such as this (the circulation of which is as strong as ever) or to pitch smart volumes of fiction to the Beeb. Everyone still seems to be so *into* it all.

One person who is particularly full of vim and vigour is **DWM**'s very own fun-sized assistant editor Alan Barnes. So, in order to let him vent some of that zeal, I'm leaving him in complete charge of the next issue while I take a month's leave of absence to work on other projects. **DWM** 262 will be the first edition for ages that I'll have got to enjoy as a casual reader – and it looks like it'll be a good one.

Oh, one last thing: there's no strip this month because our hard-worked team deserved a Christmas break before we start the epic run of tales planned for '98. But don't miss the first part of *The Final Chapter* next month – it's a corker!

Gary

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Gary Gillatt

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Gallifrey Guardian

Adrienne Hill

Actress Adrienne Hill, who played First Doctor companion Katarina in 1965 serials *The Myth Makers* and *The Daleks' Master Plan*, died of cancer on 6 October.

Born in Plymouth, Adrienne's work understudying Maggie Smith in rep won her an audition for the part of Joanna in *The Crusade*. Although then unsuccessful, she was asked soon after to take the role of overawed Trojan handmaiden Katarina, who joined the TARDIS crew in *Horse of Destruction*, the final episode of *The Myth Makers*. As planned, Katarina met a dramatic and startling end in *The Traitors*, the fourth episode of the subsequent serial, when she sacrificed herself as part of the struggle against the Daleks. Adrienne went on to feature in TV series such as *Compact* and *199 Park Lane*, also taking a major role in BBC Radio's long-runnning *Waggoner's Walk*. Latterly a drama teacher, in the mid-eighties she joined an unique line-up of former *Doctor Who* companions as part of one of the BBC's Children in Need appeal nights.

"Just a lot of charging about, hiding behind wooden sets and things. Tons of close-ups . . . skulking about and saying, 'What next, Doctor?'" said Adrienne in 1986, summing up her time in the series. "It was all fun, though."

DWM offers its condolences to Adrienne's friends and family.

It's Doctor Who, but not as we know it!

Nick Courtney is the Doctor! Sophie Aldred is Jo Grant!

The 'talking book' version of BBC Worldwide's fiction anthology *Short Trips* is due for release next March. *Doctor Who* editor Stephen Cole was present at last month's recording session – when two very familiar faces loaned their distinctive voices to the project . . .

It's a cold winter's day, and behind the huge black door which shelters the Soho studios of Joe and Co strange and mysterious forces are gathering . . . well, all right, it's one engineer, a producer and myself sitting ponderously in a small room chock-full of the latest in digital audio gear. After what seems like an age of preparation, we're finally going to record a selection of short stories from the upcoming *Doctor Who: Short Trips* collection. And it promises to be different from standard fare . . .

I've spent the night before feverishly checking my abridgements of the stories, making sure they're printed out on special wood-free paper (it rustles less when being turned, I'm informed), making sure they're well-spaced, properly numbered, and that everyone's version's the same (it should be so simple – how has it become an organisational nightmare?!) and now here we are, ready to begin. Engineer Paul Gilham is happily chatting about *Doctor Who*, whilst producer John Taylor, who has worked with most Doctors on other projects, is perhaps a little more cynical. Nevertheless, even at the preparation stages, I am impressed by his enthusiasm to act on my wish to give the tape a bit extra, aiming a little higher than the usual straight readings.

Nicholas Courtney arrives full of beans, bemoaning the London Underground and immediately readying himself for his performance. I'm reminded once again by the perfunctory way everyone goes about their business that this is just another job for them, albeit an enjoyable one. It's their business, and it's fascinating to watch everyone at work.

Nick begins. If there's a mistake, or if he or John wish to try things a different way, Paul calls out a new index number he's putting on the DAT which is recording Nick's voice, and John scribbles it down on his copy of the script. I can only marvel at the way he'll later assemble each story into a cogent whole from 80 or 90 soundbites. Nick tries certain passages in a variety of ways; the ending of Paul Magrs' *Old Flames*, for example, is given three or four different treatments!

We've perhaps been a little ambitious in terms of how much we can fit in. Come lunchtime we're already over-running. Nevertheless, it's rewarding to hear Nick say how impressed he is with the stories. The story exclusive to this cassette, David A McIntee's *Degrees of Truth* is, to Nick's mind, "particularly sweet – it's very good for my character." The fondness Nick has for *Doctor Who* is constantly in evidence as the day goes on, and when John queries a line referring to the Doctor's hearts ("Think that's a misprint!"), Nick comes back: "Oh no, he's got two all right – the left's not so good as the right, you know, but they're both still going!" Debate breaks out at one point between Paul and John as to the merits of *The Daemons*, a story that has inspired an element of McIntee's tale. "Why do alien races always call their gargoyles things like 'Bok'? Why never 'Jeff'?" While Paul gamely defends the nomenclature of Azal's little helper to the hilt, I rather wimpishly decide to sit on the fence on this instance.

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
SHORT TRIPS
A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

Come 3.00pm Sophie Aldred breezes in, fresh from her working trip to Australia and looking sickeningly tanned! We chat and gossip while Nick finishes his lines, then John explains a cunning plan. Part of Steve Lyons' story, *Freedom*, could be dramatised, he explains. Would Sophie like to pretend to be Jo Grant to Nick's Doctor? Sophie's already grinning in anticipation!

Again, I'm impressed. Sophie and Nick have about two minutes to prepare this scene, and yet they're both going for it in fine style. John has added some sinister claustrophobic reverb on their voices and it all sounds rather dramatic.

While the Brig makes his move off into the chilly streets of London, having been reading for five hours solid, Sophie takes the hot seat to read Mike Tucker and Robert Perry's *Stop the Pigeon*, which gives her the chance to play Ace once again. Following that comes the unsettling monologue that is Tara Samms' *Glass*. "Weird . . . good, though!" comments Sophie. I mention it's linked to the story *Shada*. Sophie nods sagely: "I thought it might be connected to something else . . ." She sighs with mock theatricality. "I'm not so up on my mythos as I once was!" Be that as it may (and I suspect she is too modest), her enthusiasm is touching.

We don't get everything done, which is frustrating, but all in all it's been a fascinating and rewarding day. Now John must take the raw footage away and fashion it into the finished article. Fingers crossed, it seems that once again, faced with little time and a tight budget, *Doctor Who* seems to be getting away with another quiet triumph.

But of course I would say that, wouldn't I?

Return to the forbidden planet!

A sequel to *Planet of Evil* and a Jack the Ripper melodrama have been added to BBC Books' 1998 publishing schedule.

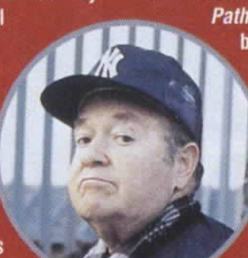
July's provisionally-titled *Zeta Major* comes from the pen of Simon Messingham, who previously authored the cod-Gothic *Strange England* for Virgin's *New Adventures* range. Featuring the Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Nyssa, this follow-up to Louis Marks' 1975 Fourth Doctor adventure is bound to be keenly anticipated.

Meanwhile, Mike Tucker and Robert Perry, the writing team behind this year's *Illegal Alien*, return with *Matrix*, a Seventh Doctor and Ace thriller which takes the infamous Whitechapel Murders of 1888's 'Autumn of Terror' as its theme. The novel is scheduled for October.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television Tom Baker went from Time Lord to Iron Lord when he appeared in the 1 December edition of BBC2's *Oldie TV*. In a hysterical performance he described his love of ironing, particularly with a Rowenta called Marjorie which he uses to flatten out fine gussets. While managing to offend Harry Enfield's father Edward, he also described his time as the Doctor as the days when he used to be a "bosom tingler". Peter Davison plays Lockwood in a new ITV production of *Wuthering Heights*. Louise Jameson has been cast as the mother of an Anglo/Italian family which joins *EastEnders* during January. Tabloid reports that her character will be a 'Godmother' with Mafia links have been flatly denied by the *EastEnders* production office. Jameson starred with Jean Marsh in ITV's Agatha Christie adaptation *The Pale Horse* on 23 December; as Thyrza Grey, Marsh played a witch for the sixth time! Colin Baker recently appeared in the final episode of Channel 4's acclaimed *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Paul McGann helped present Channel 4's *Raspberry Ripple Awards*, which focus on television's treatment of disability.



Stage Bob Baker's co-scripted *Wallace & Gromit: A Grand Night Out* has completed a London run at the Peacock Theatre.

Miscellaneous Verity Lambert was presented with an award for her contribution to the television medium by Women in Film and Television on 9 December. To commemorate the passing of Sydney Newman, in June the National Film Theatre will screen one episode each of the seminal ABC sci-fi serials he produced, *Pathfinders to Mars* and *Pathfinders to Venus*, both co-written by Malcolm Hulke.

Obituary Stubby Kaye (right), who was American secret agent Weismuller in *Delta and the Bannermen*, died from cancer on 14 December aged 79. He is best remembered for originating the role of Nicely-Nicely Johnson in *Guys and Dolls*, both on Broadway and in the 1955 movie – and particularly his rendition of the show-stopping *Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat*.

Collectors' Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming *Doctor Who* merchandise

5 February

Novel ***Doctor Who: Option Lock*** by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Eye of Heaven*** by Jim Mortimore [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

19 February

Novel ***The New Adventures: Walking to Babylon*** by Kate Orman [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

2 March

Video ***Doctor Who: Battlefield*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99 (rrp)
Novel ***Doctor Who: Longest Day*** by Michael Collier [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Witch Hunters*** by Steve Lyons [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Susan] *BBC Books* £4.99
Short stories ***Doctor Who: Short Trips*** by various [all Doctors] *BBC Books* £4.99
Audio ***Doctor Who: Short Trips*** by various [all Doctors] Read by Nicholas Courtney & Sophie Aldred *BBC* £tba

19 March

Novel ***The New Adventures: Oblivion*** by Dave Stone [Bernice, Jason, Chris & Roz Forrester] *Virgin* £4.99

7 April

Novel ***Doctor Who: Legacy of the Daleks*** by John Peel [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Hollow Men*** by Martin Day & Keith Topping [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

16 April

Novel ***The New Adventures: The Medusa Effect*** by Justin Richards [Bernice] *Virgin* £4.99

4 May

Video ***Doctor Who: The Mind of Evil*** [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreamstone Moon*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Catastrophea*** by Terrance Dicks [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

21 May

Novel ***The New Adventures: Dry Pilgrimage*** by Paul Leonard & Nick Walters [Bernice] *Virgin* £4.99

1 June

Novel ***Doctor Who: Seeing I*** by Jon Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Mission Impractical*** by David A McIntee [Sixth Doctor & Frobisher] *BBC Books* £4.99

7 July

Video ***Doctor Who: Horror of Fang Rock*** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: Placebo Effect*** by Gary Russell [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Zeta Major*** by Simon Messingham [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Nyssa] *BBC Books* £4.99

4 August

Novel ***Doctor Who: Vanderdeken's Children*** by Christopher Bulis [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

1 September

Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Scarlet Empress*** by Paul Magrs [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Last Man Running*** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

6 October

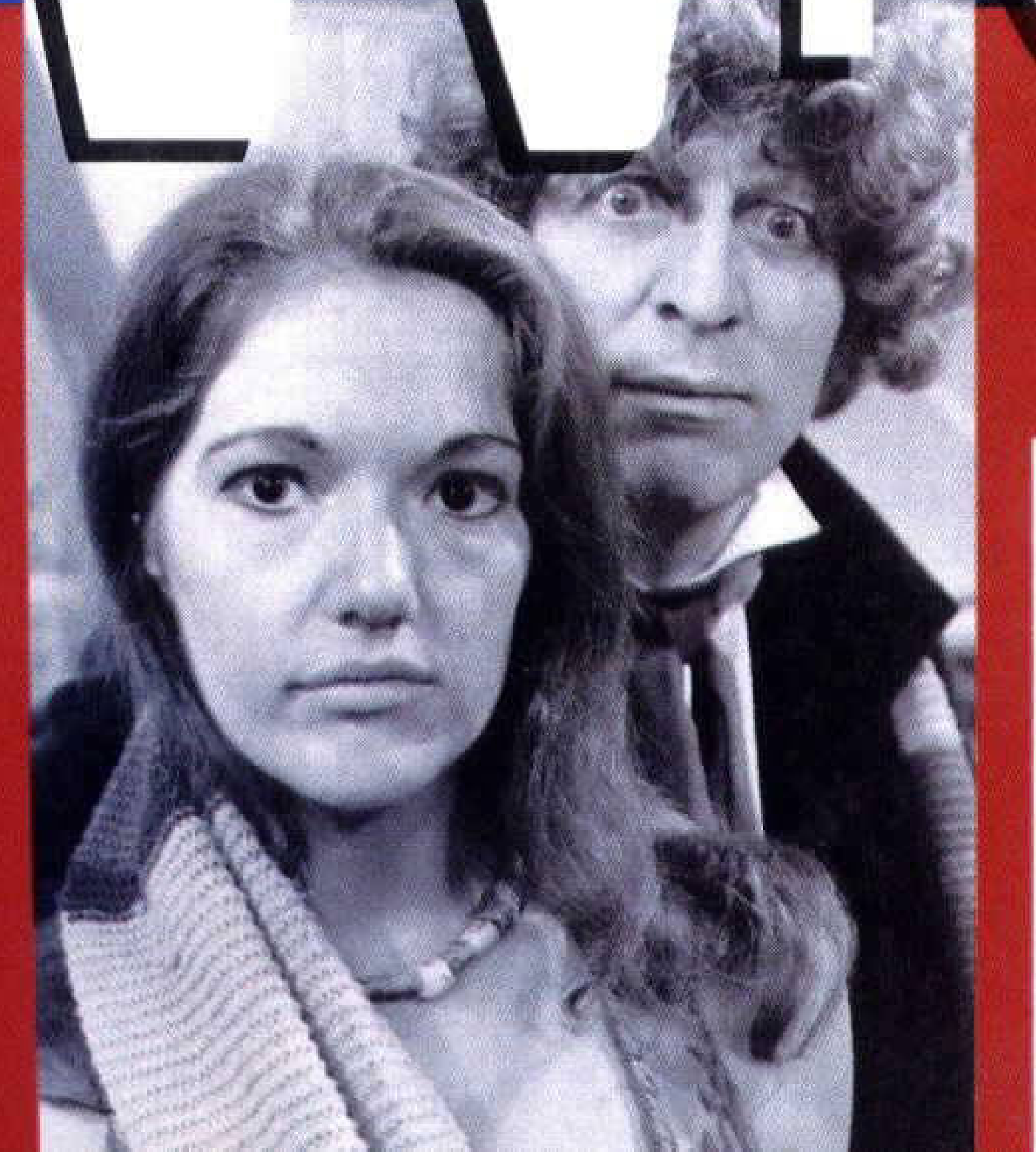
Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: From A to Z*** by Gary Gillatt *BBC Books* £tba
Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The TV Companion*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *BBC Books* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: Beltempest*** by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Matrix*** by Mike Tucker & Robert Perry [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

3 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba

With three popular Fourth Doctor adventures to his credit, writer **Chris Boucher** has once again come to *Doctor Who* pre-eminence – his BBC Books novel, *Last Man Running*, is published later this year. Peter Griffiths meets the man who dreamed up Leela, summoned the Fendahl – and coldly executed all of *Blake's 7* . . .

WRITTEN TO THE CORE

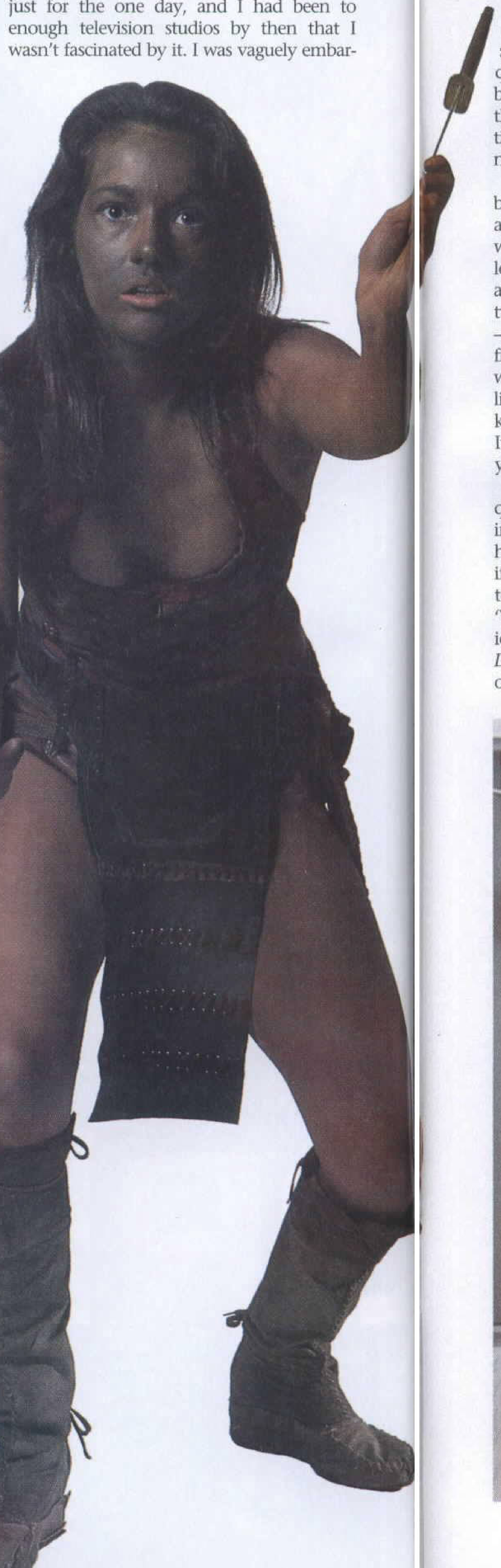


In addition to his work on series such as *Bergerac*, *Juliet Bravo* and *The Bill*, Chris Boucher has contributed a great deal to British telefantasy over the years. In the mid-eighties he conceived and script-edited BBC2's *Star Cops*. Eight years earlier he had been invited to join the production team on Terry Nation's new space saga, *Blake's 7*, not only penning nine episodes but also script-editing all four seasons. Only a couple of years before that, and unhappy in his job, he'd been looking for a way to earn some extra money. So he began writing, and that led him to *Doctor Who* . . .

"It was accidental," says Chris, settling back in a chair at his local. "Everything in my life has been accidental. I had a 'proper job' and a family to support, but I didn't like the job very much. We weren't as hard up as some student families, because the company I was working for subsidised me to go to university, but we needed more money.

"There was at that time a programme called *Braden's Week* which used what were called 'three-line quickies' – a set-up line, a middle line and a pay-off. It came on after *Match of the Day*, which is probably how I ended up watching it. I thought, 'I can do that. I can do better!' so I lobbed in some stuff. I also pitched some magazine articles,

The Doctor (Tom Baker) is introduced to Leela (Louise Jameson) in Chris' debut serial *The Face of Evil*.
Leela's planned make-up (right) was rather different . . .



and if *Women's Own* had bought my story I would probably now be a short story writer. As it turned out, *Braden's Week* bought a couple of quickies from me, and eventually gave me a contract. I was paid a standard fee of £25 a week, which was a damn sight more than I got from all other sources put together. The day job got less and less appealing and more and more pressured, and so I took the plunge and went freelance."

Circa 1976, Chris' quest for work took him to the *Doctor Who* office, then staffed by producer Philip Hinchcliffe and script editor Robert Holmes. "*Doctor Who* was regarded almost as a beginner's slot, so I submitted a sample script and storyline which were turned down. The sample was only about 15 minutes long. Bob and Philip asked me to come in and talk, and they sat there and said, 'We can make you famous round your area!' They sent me away to come up with something else, and that was originally called *The Silent Scream*, I think. It became *The Day God Went Mad*, and eventually *The Face of Evil*."

Was Chris apprehensive, being a relative newcomer meeting up with the series' producer and script editor? "I'm always uncomfortable about appointments and meeting people, but to be honest, I wasn't hugely in awe. I'd been around television for a certain amount of time by then, and I worked very hard at being unimpressed. I also had a very tough Irish agent called John Hayes. He had Parkinson's disease, and a very thick Irish accent and aggressive manner. He took good care of me, but once you'd talked to John there really wasn't anyone else who could scare you!

"Bob was the weight in the *Doctor Who* office. The thing about the series then was that it was the learning slopes for producers as well, and what they really needed was an impressive and skilled script editor, someone who basically backed up everybody. That was Bob. Producers tend to be ambitious people who want to move on, but it's been my experience that script editors, as with writers, like the series they're working on. I'm a little cynical about that, I suppose. Writers and editors are sometimes the only people you can rely on to be concerned with the crucial elements."

It wasn't an easy journey to the finished version of *The Face of Evil*. Chris smiles at the memory of the storylining 'obstacle course' which he went through. "I recently found some of the story summaries and things I submitted for *The Face of Evil*, actually. I would send things in saying, 'How about this?' and they would send them back for me to work in different things. I must have submitted about four versions before they finally said yes. I think they were bothered that as a new writer I wouldn't be able to 'pad it out' to four 25-minute episodes. As for influences, if you want to be pretentious about it, there are all sorts of precedents for *The Face of Evil* in science fiction terms, right back to *Brave New World*. I've always been interested in religions as well, where they come from and why. If you're honest – and I usually am, which is a mistake – the story was heavily influenced by a Harry Harrison novel called *Captive Universe*.

"Elisabeth Sladen [Sarah] had baled out by this time, and I was told I should make up a companion for myself. So I came up with Leela, who was based on [*The Avengers*'] Emma Peel and those other female heroes of the time. I made her an intelligent primitive – reasoning that you could explain everything to this one because she knew nothing! Companions were usually female, and I wasn't that much of an iconoclast that I was going to change that approach, so it was just a question of a different sort of female – which I don't think went down too well with Tom Baker! Talking with Bob afterwards, I got the impression that Tom fancied the idea of doing it solo. They tried it [in the preceding serial, *The Deadly Assassin*], but he ended up talking to himself. I have some really quite interesting conversations with myself, but if you do it too much they come and take you away!"

With the script finally accepted and in production, Chris was invited along to a studio session to watch director Pennant Roberts commit the story to videotape. "I sat at the back of the gallery and watched. It was just for the one day, and I had been to enough television studios by then that I wasn't fascinated by it. I was vaguely embarrassed actually, aware that I was making them uncomfortable. Pennant said at one point, 'Come on, come on, it's just television,' and then looked around at me and said, 'I'm sorry. Of course, it's very good television!' The script editor has a reason to be there, but the writer doesn't.

"I liked the finished product. I love hearing my own dialogue, you see. Other things are down to other people, so it's only when they alter the lines that you think, 'Oh crap, that didn't work.' I suppose I was sensitive because I'd been doing three-line quickies, and they depended on the lines being absolutely right. Change one word and the gag sometimes died. Sorry to be pretentious, but it's a bit like music – the wrong note and the tune disappears.

"[Producer/director] Vere Lorrimer was a bugger for changing dialogue on *Blake's 7*. As a script editor I never went to filming – there was no reason. They used to bring back the location filming to drop into the recording, and from time to time the lines had been tweaked or changed. So you learned by that – you wouldn't write too much dialogue for filming. At its crudest level, you'd learn which particular actors didn't deliver their lines as written because they thought they knew better, and you'd give them fewer lines. It wasn't a revenge thing, it was protection of your own work."

The Face of Evil was well-received in all quarters, and Robert Holmes immediately invited Chris to script the very next story. "It had to be delivered quite quickly. Mind you, if they'd said, 'Can you give us the script tomorrow?' the answer would have been, 'Yes!' It was simply a case of, 'Have you got an idea for another one?' Since I'd been reading *Dune*, yes I did! There is no such thing as an original idea! I may eventually forgive [film director] David Lynch for what he did to *Dune*, but did he ever make a pig's ear of one of my favourite books . . ."

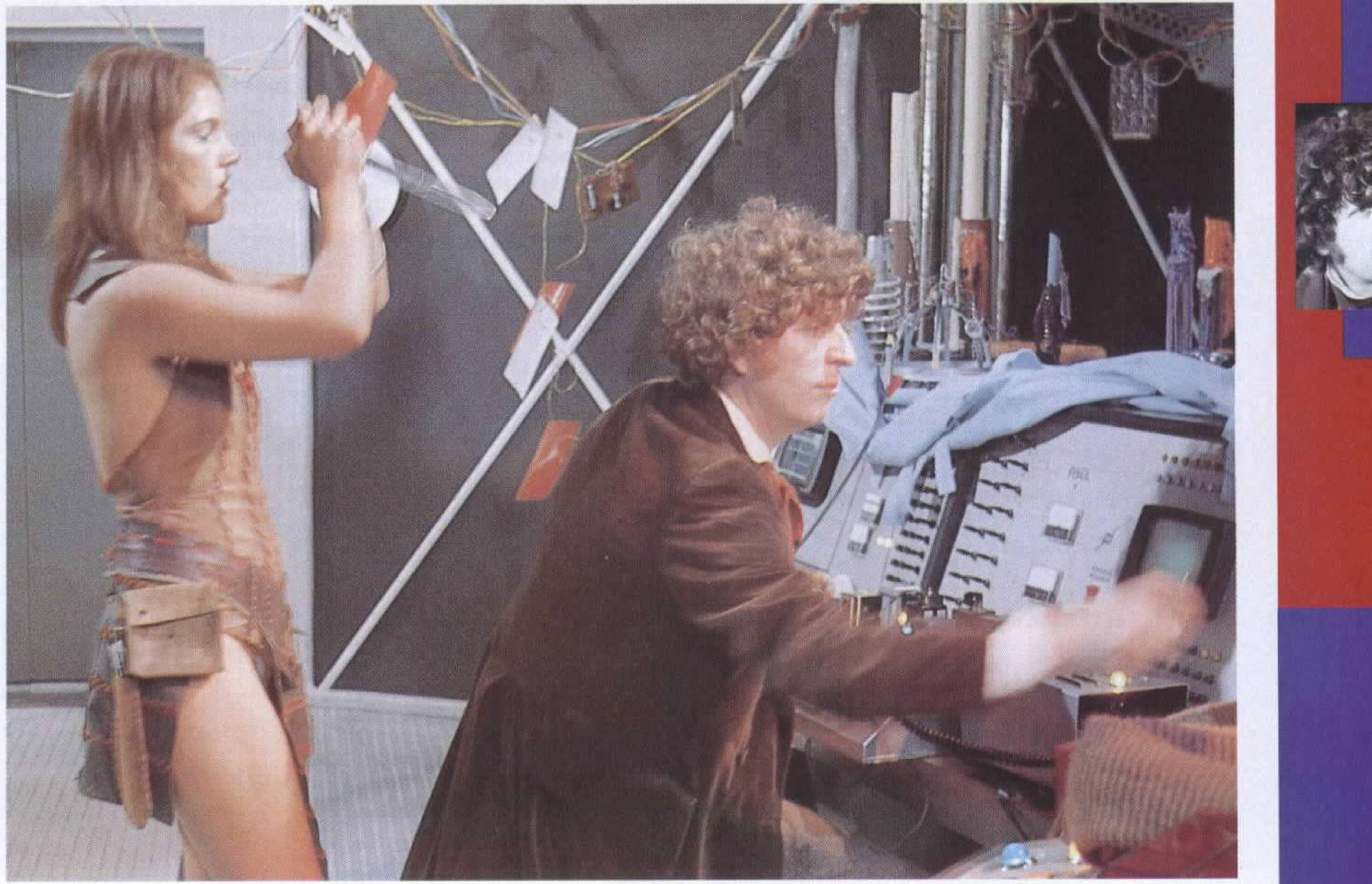
One of the requests for the new story was that Chris bring Leela along. "They liked the character, and later said, 'She seems pretty good, we may go on with her.' They'd already made the decision, of course! The whole situation was a bit dodgy, actually. It didn't raise its head until quite a bit later that Leela was my creation. The difficulties arose because she was used in a comic . . . I mentioned to my new agent that Leela was my creation, and she went charging in, going after repeat fees and everything in back payments.

"The BBC had to resist the notion, of course, because it meant that I would have had licence control over her. I wasn't disappointed in Philip Hinchcliffe – I suspected that was how he, as producer, would react – but it is the only time I was ever disappointed in Bob Holmes. He knew that Leela was my creation but, albeit under pressure, he had to go along with the BBC, saying that they had come up with this character and given it to me. It wasn't worth fighting in court, and it would have upset a lot of people, so we took the *ex gratia* payment the BBC offered. That's where the idea that I submitted a script to *Doctor Who* later on in the eighties comes from – they wrote off the fee they paid me for Leela as a script because they had to justify it in programme terms."

Talking of companions, various newspapers ran stories at the time that Pamela Salem's *Robots of Death* character, Toos, was to join the TARDIS. Was there any truth in this? "Ah, Toos. I cynically expect that Louise's contract hadn't been finalised and they were negotiating! That's always a jolly possibility to throw in. I think Tom liked Pamela Salem quite a lot – everybody did, she was a very sexy lady and would have made a very good companion. But Louise Jameson and Leela were better."

"I made Leela a primitive, reasoning you could explain everything to someone who knows nothing!"

With his second *Doctor Who* story in the can, Chris was now gaining confidence in his work. "I was very pleased with the way *The Robots of Death* turned out. Michael Briant, the director, did a nice job on it with all that art deco design work. You never know quite what to expect, and as I said, if I can hear my words spoken, I'm happy. I was sorry to miss a couple of gags I put in in that one – there was one where the Sandminer gate opened, they looked across



Vorsprung durch Technik: on the bridge of Storm Mine Four, Leela glimpses a fully automated future

this vast desert and the Doctor said, 'Either it's a desert or the tide's gone out a long way.'

"There's a whole scene in that which isn't mine, actually – it's Bob's. It's right at the beginning, with one of the characters getting a massage on the Sandminer and talking about the robots. I don't hate the scene, but it isn't like my writing. I don't like that studied repetition – 'It was a mistake'; 'It was a mistake that ripped his arm off!' It wasn't a badly-written scene, of course – it was Bob Holmes, and he didn't write badly ever. He sometimes allowed himself to drift into the baroque, in the same way as I allowed myself to drift into the total smart-arse.

"The flipside was a *Blake's 7* Bob did for me, where he had a line about transporting into a nuclear reactor which ran: 'Not good for the gonads'. The department head, Ronnie Marsh, hit the roof – he thought it was disgusting. 'There's no f***ing way you're going to use f***ing bad language on my channel!' he said. I really liked Ronnie! Anyway, I came up with, 'It's not a mistake you can learn much from,' as a replacement. Bob told me afterwards that he got a call from a writer friend of his who congratulated him and said he particularly liked the classic Bob Holmes line, 'Not a mistake you can learn much from'! Bob was absolutely furious!"

I'm interested here by Chris' labelling of his own writing as "total smart-arse". "Well, it has been levelled at me as a criticism. It's a style that came and went – *The Avengers* used it, as did a number of other shows. It's come back a bit now. It was an early reaction to effects-driven television, where it began to be more important to look flash than to sound flash, but I don't think *Blake's 7*, for instance, ever got to the stage where it looked that flash. I don't think it's necessary for serious dialogue to be dull. I suspect it's got something to do with advertising, where no-one dares crack a gag about the product. It's the same with television now, it seems to me – don't make gags about people because they're too unsure of themselves to be comfortable with it. I've always assumed that nobody really took anything seriously. Nothing I've ever done is a cure for cancer, so why do people take similar things seriously?"

With its assorted strangulations, *The Robots of Death* found itself, along with most other *Doctor Who* of the time, targeted by Mary Whitehouse and her National Viewers' and Listeners' Association. Chris scoffs at the mention of her name. "Bob Holmes used to say, 'I'm not interested in doing this stuff for children. I want it to appeal to adults.' He did on one occasion almost say to me, 'Isn't this a bit grown-up?' but he pulled back and said he didn't know what he was complaining about! This was before the dreaded Jean Rook's attack [on *Doctor Who*'s violence] in the *Daily Mail*. That paper's still rent-a-mob and rent-a-right-wing-gob.

"Oddly enough, the stuff coming out on video now has to be cut. *The Robots of Death* needed cuts to get it a video certificate, for God's sake, and it went out at half-past five 20

Madman Taren Capel prepares a robot revolution. *The Robots of Death* years ago! It didn't damage my kids, or any others around. I suspect the stuff we were doing then would now go out after nine o'clock. It is so disappointing that we now have a watershed and Mickey Mouse television generally. I like television, I watch it all the time, and I am desperately angry that it is scapegoated all the time for social violence, etcetera. It's an enormous shame that Mary Whitehouse has finally won after she's retired."

"I suspect that the stuff we were doing then would now only go out after nine o'clock at night!"

As the *Doctor Who* juggernaut rolled on, Season Fifteen geared up for production and Chris was asked to submit a third script. But shortly after this commission came an offer he couldn't refuse – the script-editing job on *Blake's 7*. "Bob Holmes was offered it first and didn't want to do it because he didn't like Terry Nation. He recommended me instead, for which I will be eternally grateful to him. It was the best time of my working life, without any doubt at all. Bob was leaving *Doctor Who*, but the idea of me taking over from him never arose. What had arisen was the suggestion that I might rewrite a *Doctor Who* initially to see if I would be any good as a rewrite man, but they had then decided to commission an original script from me.

"David Maloney was the nicest producer I ever worked with. I got the initial treatment for *Blake's 7*, which I liked and thought would probably be a success, and I wanted the job. I turned up on my first day in a suit! Terry Nation was doing the first 13 episodes. He had a notion, which never really materialised, that it was sort of Robin Hood in space. It wasn't a good notion, so David and I undermined it pretty damn quick! Terry was a pro, he could churn them out. If you asked him for rewrites, he'd say, 'Do you want the rewrites or do you want the next episode?' We wanted the next episode, so I did the rewrites! I was quite happy with that arrangement."

But first there was *Image of the Fendahl* to complete for *Doctor Who*. The inspiration this time round was Nigel Kneale's *Quatermass and the Pit*. "*Quatermass* was one of my favourite B-movie science fiction films, a very neat little piece. The discovery of hominid remains and the basic framework of the ghost story came together, and I thought it all worked rather well. As a piece *Fendahl* was rather good.

"It was a different story, more modern. The germ of the idea involved an alien crashing on a planet and needing to repair its ship. There was no way it could do it, so it took the dominant life form and modified it and pushed evolution until the life form could build the modifications it needed. The alien then left, at which point the civilisation collapsed and died. At the same time as I was thinking about all this, Professor Leakey was finding older and older skulls in Africa somewhere, bits and bobs of ancient man, so it all tied in. There was a dog named after Leakey in the script, and it only occurred to me afterwards that everyone would think it was because the dog pissed over everything!"

Feeling brave, I venture to Chris that *Image of the Fendahl* doesn't seem entirely suited to the four-episode structure. "Not enough story? It's entirely possible! Mostly the stories did go off on a tangent around episode three. In a four-parter, the first episode was setting up, the second carried it a little bit further, and the third held on waiting for the pay-off. I can't honestly say I remember the details – I haven't seen it in a long time – but I do know I learned the lesson that you don't spend three episodes building up to the monster's appearance. It will almost never be sufficiently frightening to justify the build-up, and in this case it looked rather like a cuddly caterpillar! I spent all that time building up to it and then, like an idiot, I showed it!"

Already busy on *Blake's 7*, Chris didn't take an active interest in the production, but he did attend the read-through. "I hated read-throughs, but I went to *Image of the Fendahl*. Oh my God! George Spenton-Foster was directing, and he'd taken everyone out to lunch. It was a good scheme to relax everybody and they were all very merry – but I hadn't been, of course. I have never been so embarrassed in all my life! Tom Baker was a very charismatic character – but a monster, as most charismatic characters are. He sent it up from word one, which would have been OK except I was pretty shy, and sober. God, I was suffering! Anthony Read had taken over as script editor on *Doctor Who*, and he sort of tried to sympathise, but I was lost. The only person who did manage to make it evens was Louise Jameson. She was very sweet about it, asking me afterwards if I was alright, but she wasn't the one who'd been doing it anyway.

"I went back to the *Blake's 7* office, and I should think there is still a filing cabinet knocking about somewhere with my foot indentation on at least one of the drawers. I was so furious. For a long time one of my ambitions was to see Tom Baker die

Robophobic Poul (David Collings) and Leela ponder their predicament. *The Robots of Death*

in a cellar full of rats! There was fall-out from that read-through, too. I started to comb through my scripts looking for *double entendres* and opportunities for actors to send it up, and take them out. I used to do that for all my episodes on *Blake's 7*."

Along with the new script editor, *Doctor Who* had gained a new producer, Graham Williams. "He was completely different to Philip Hinchcliffe, though they were both elegant young men, rather . . . middle-class. Philip was more pushy, a man on the way up, whereas I always sensed that Graham in some strange way was a man on the way down. I don't think he was sure of himself – he felt he had to make a mark, as it were. Everyone got a treatment of how he saw the logic of *Doctor Who* and where it was going when he started, and frankly it was unintelligible. From a storytelling point of view it was gibberish.

"Graham was related to Emlyn Williams, a very famous writer. I remember sitting in the canteen with David Maloney and a couple of rather tough ladies from the administrative side of things. One of them asked me how I was enjoying being at the BBC, and I said I loved it and it was the first time I'd ever been in a place where only talent counted. They fell about, all of them. I subsequently discovered how many BBC employees were related to, children of, brother and sisters of, people already working there. It was obviously a major advantage to be related to somebody. But it could also be a major disadvantage when you were related to somebody who was extremely eminent. Emlyn Williams was major, and I got the feeling that Graham knew he would never match that in any way, shape or form. It's easy to look back and see that he was a depressed man."

Producers making their mark and cuddly caterpillars aside, the end result of *Image of the Fendahl* pleased Chris. "I enjoyed it, and there were some quality actors in it. There was one actor in a supporting role who played Mr Grove in the first soap opera on British television, *The Grove Family* [Edward Evans, playing Ted Moss]. It was one of the first things we watched when my family got a TV set, and I wrote that character's lines for Mr Grove, so I was knocked out when the same actor was cast! Say what you like about George Spenton-Foster – and I have – he cast well."

Chris' association with *Doctor Who* would have continued, but BBC policy came into play. "I did actually have another script up on the stocks for *Doctor Who*, but Ronnie Marsh stepped in and said it was insider dealing. I was only editing on *Blake's 7*, but I still wasn't allowed to write anything else for the BBC. There was a certain amount of controversy with the Writers Guild at the time about 'commissioning down the corridor'. So that particular *Doctor Who* festered in the back of my head. Actually, I saw something very like it recently, a film called *Tremors* . . . which was set in a desert town in the States where people were being eaten by these big slug things which came up through the ground. It's a very good little movie, and my script was a bit like that. It was going to be another isolated installation on an outpost world with a survey team under attack. Spores, underground tunnels, all that kind of stuff. It was going to be cheap and cheerful and hopefully frightening, but it didn't happen."

"For a long time i wanted to see Tom Baker die in a cellar full of rats!"

Mention of George Spenton-Foster reminds Chris of an incident when the director later worked on *Blake's 7*. "It was when Brian Croucher [who had played Borg in *The Robots of Death*] came in to replace Stephen Grief as Travis in the second series. George was obsessed with Jackie Pearce, who played Servalan, because she was his sort of actress. Both of them were majorly camp, whereas Brian wasn't. This particular episode, *Weapon*, had a scene where Brian was supposed to grab Jackie, and he accidentally hurt her. George hit the roof, and there was a major falling-out. David Maloney said that if he'd thought about it he wouldn't have used George on that episode. Brian was obviously uncomfortable having to take over an existing character, so it couldn't have happened at a worse time or in a worse way. I eventually threw him into a nuclear reactor in the last episode of the season, *Star One*!"

Following *Blake's 7*'s conclusion, Chris script-edited *Bergerac* and *Juliet Bravo* before returning to freelance work. "I had a sitcom called *Slater's Day* at the time as well. It died a death, and we shall speak no more of it! When I was back out in the wild freelance world and needed work, I phoned Eric Saward, then script editor on *Doctor Who*. I found that very difficult to do. Some writers would slip past security and go walking down the corridor knocking on doors, saying, 'Hello, my name is X. If there's any writing work, here I am.' It still knocks years off my life to phone people I know about things like that – I embarrass terrifically easily.

"But I needed money and phoned the *Doctor Who* office, only to get the 'He's not available at the moment, can I get him to call you back?' routine. I said, 'Fine,' and went away, and nothing happened. I phoned a second time and got the same response, but

Image of the Fendahl

"BLAKE WAS THE ULTIMATE CLIFFHANGER!"

Blake (Gareth Thomas) and Avon (Paul Darrow) face off in the final moments of *Blake*

Script-editing *Blake's 7* was a new experience for Chris, but one that he relished. With a laugh, he nominates his own scripts as his favourites. "My episodes gave me an opportunity to do all kinds of genres. I did a western with *Death-Watch*, I got my spy story out of my system with *Rumours of Death*. If you're writing for the series you're editing, your scripts should be the best because you should know the characters better than anybody else. It used to irritate me when the actors claimed to know the characters better than me. I'd say, 'I've spent a year with these characters and this series!' It was hard not to become arrogant about it. I got teed off with Sally Knyvette [Jenna] and Jan Chappell [Cally] very early on because they tried to establish that they could alter the lines. David Maloney dragged me down to the make-up room to discuss some alterations, and it basically came down to 'We want to' and 'I don't want you to'. Both sides were making points. I was particularly irritated because when Sally reworked a line, she reworked it into county English which made no sense!"

One of *Blake's 7*'s biggest shake-ups came at the end of the second season, with the departure of lead actor Gareth Thomas. Did this worry Chris at all? "Not really. Gareth is a class act, so I wasn't surprised he left. The actorly circles in which he moved despised the series, and some prat who had a column in a newspaper – probably the *Daily Mail* again! – described *Blake's 7* as the worst programme on television. That really upset Gareth. We had a wobbly session there for a while."

Paul Darrow's Avon took centre stage for the rest of the series, a development which didn't displease Chris. "Avon was my favourite character, it has to be said, although Vila was a good character too. As the paranoid psychotic, Avon was probably closest to my own personality! I've always felt that today's hero is tomorrow's villain. I think circumstances alter personalities, thus the often-told story that [actor] Michael Keating's daughter was fed up with her father being a coward and quite fancied the idea that Vila should be a hero. I wrote *City at the Edge of the World* to address that. When you feel you're at the top of your game, as I did then, you know you can do whatever is required."

***Blake's 7* reached its end in 1981, and Chris finished off the series – and all of the regulars – in the dramatic *Blake*. "It's been suggested that I was reluctant to do the fourth series, but I wasn't. I liked *Blake's 7*. Given that the whole thing had to be revamped for that season, it wasn't really given a chance. It was almost a stand-alone season, and it wanted another to see whether or not it was going to work.**

***Blake* was just meant to be the ultimate cliffhanger – anybody who didn't want to sign their contract was dead, and there were ways of bringing the others back. If I'd realised it was going to end, I would have written the episode slightly differently. As far as I can remember, it went out in Christmas week, so I became the man who killed Father Christmas . . ."**

Eric never did phone me back. The next time I saw him was at Bob Holmes' funeral. I was later editing the second series of *Moon and Son*, which was pulled before we even got the first scripts in because the ratings for the first season weren't good. Eric was one of the writers who came in with an idea, and he did not remind me of the fact that he never phoned me back!"

The conversation moves on to *Star Cops*, Chris' last stab at telefantasy proper. It was not a happy experience at all. "*Star Cops* was originally an idea for a radio serial, but they decided they had enough science fiction on the radio at the time with *Earthsearch* and whatever, so my agent submitted it to television. Jonathan Powell liked it enough to commission an episode, and eventually committed to the series.

"It was a hideous experience. I disliked almost everything about it. No, that's not fair – I didn't dislike the performances. It was cast against type, but David Calder [playing lead character Nathan Spring] is a cracking actor and no doubt about it. But I hated the production. Almost everything about it was wrong. Simple things – I had the idea that big screen video would be the replacement for just about everything. It would be ambience. You would go into a Chinese restaurant, and there would be a video screen playing images of China. It was meant to be blue screen work, very cheap and very easy. I introduced a plot point about it and all, and what did I get when the episode was produced? The standard restaurant and a trolley with a 12 inch TV on it! Come on!

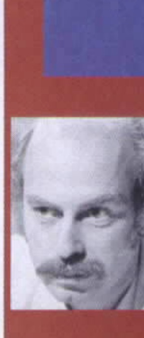
"I disliked the producer, Evgeny Gridneff, intensely. I was the one who showed him around when he joined the BBC, and the first thing he said to me on *Star Cops* was, 'Well, these scripts will have to be rewritten.' I hit the roof and said, 'This is as good as it gets!' I suspect now that I got a name for being difficult, a name I never had previously. It was a seriously bad experience. Iwould drive home after meetings, sitting in traffic jams on the M4 thinking, 'I'm never going to do this again. The proper job was better than this!'"

Star Cops premiered on BBC 2 in the summer of 1987, and never acquired much more than a core audience of fans. Chris feels the series was thrown away. "I was told that science fiction was supposed to find its own audience. Fans will seek it out, apparently. It was scheduled opposite the most popular sitcom on British television at the time, *Terry and June*, and the junctions didn't fit with anything – it was one of the rare occasions where they put a 50-minute series on and started it at 8.25, or something. You couldn't watch the news or anything that followed on BBC1, or the drama starting at 9pm on ITV. You had to want to watch *Star Cops* more than anything else that was on. It was really unfortunate."

When a second series of *Star Cops* failed to materialise, Chris joined *The Bill* as a script editor. He's now writing freelance again, with a couple of series ideas bubbling under, but he is a little disillusioned with current attitudes in the industry. He cites an example. "I think *Bugs* is such crap, but I will hold up my hand and confess that I tried to write an episode. I went to see them and they were very decent, but I could never persuade them that any of the storylines I came up with would work for them. I was vaguely ashamed of trying, since I hated the programme so desperately, but I hated poverty even more. I'm open to offers to be dull!

"I find myself wondering whether it's simply a function of age – it probably is – but it was all so much easier and so much more fun back on *Doctor Who* and *Blake's 7*. I don't think I've rewritten it in my mind as more fun than it was. There were bad times, but for the most time it was great fun. Not better than sex, but almost as good!" DWM

"I am desperately angry that television is always scapegoated as a cause for social violence"

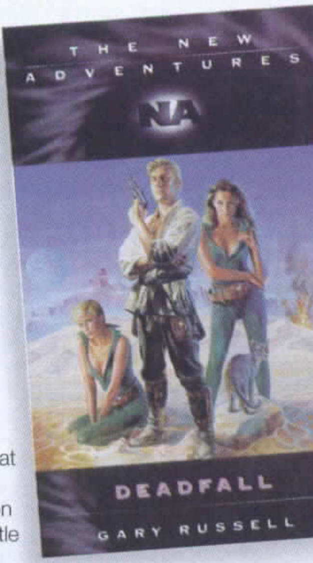


Shelf Life

In which **Dave Owen** welcomes back a prodigal daughter

THE NEW ADVENTURES: DEADFALL

Author Gary Russell **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield, Jason Kane, Chris Cwej **ISBN** 0 426 20513 8 **RRP** £4.99 **Available** Now



It must be far harder to deliver two books every 12 months than one every six, and I suspect Gary Russell would agree that being commissioned near-simultaneously to write for both BBC Books and Virgin Publishing again this year must have diluted his output. But perhaps the chief drawback of *Deadfall* is not so much that the ingredients are insufficiently concentrated, but that they don't swirl around each other as much as they might.

For example, Bernice's estranged husband Jason is only joined by the archaeologist briefly at her home at the story's outset, leaving room for minimal interaction between the pair and, it seems, little scope for development of their tortuous relationship. He remains a mystery throughout, too, since we are not made privy to his internal dialogue, having to rely on Emile Mars-Smith (one of Bernice's protégés from *Beyond The Sun*) to accompany him and interpret his motives as they leave Bernice behind for a space adventure.

Inspiration from Malcolm Hulke gives *Deadfall* its best character – the bigoted Governor Tolland

They soon stumble upon Chris Cwej, appearing in the *New Adventures* for the first time since *Lungbarrow*, and suffering from almost total amnesia. The result is akin to an episode of *Men Behaving Badly* in which the male leads fail to appear, reinforcing how completely the women are defined by the interaction with their partners. Jason just doesn't feel like Jason if he isn't arguing or making up with Bernice every 15 minutes, and Chris can't even remember who Roz was. With the regulars failing to ignite, it falls to the book's original characters to capture one's interest.

The KayBee 2 is a kind of space-age chain-gang ship, in which a crew of women prisoners (not as likeable as those in *Tenko*, but not as gruesome as in *Prisoner: Cell Block H*, either) are ferried between salvage assignments by a pair of semi-comic pilots under the entirely comic Governor Tolland who, just like Trenchard in *The Sea Devils*, was previously a colonial governor. Gary expands on this brief aside from the perennially inspirational Malcolm Hulke to provide both the book's best character and material, as the Governor reminisces in his bigoted, imperial way about the mistakes without which he wouldn't have got where he is today. This looking back is particularly welcome in a book where little seems to move forward; the situation aboard ship deteriorates too gradually, at a pace more suited to a serial than a self-contained novel.

I felt slightly cheated that several other characters' background motivations are kept hidden until very nearly the end. Such late revelations can be very powerful in long-running soap operas, but with far too many characters aboard ship, they are still just names, not people.

Deadfall is, however, redeemed somewhat by its nod towards the late Hugh Walters, author of several dozen wonderful children's SF novels. If nothing else, Gary Russell's formative inspirations are faultless.

THE NEW ADVENTURES: GHOST DEVICES

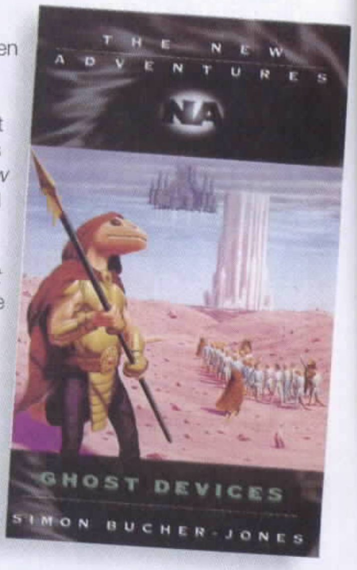
Author Simon Bucher-Jones **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield **ISBN** 0 426 20514 6 **RRP** £4.99 **Available** Now

If at times *Deadfall* feels like a story levered into the ongoing exploits of Professor Summerfield, then *Ghost Devices* is quite the opposite – a self-contained manifesto of what the Doctorless *New Adventures* have achieved so far, and the heights to which they can aspire. It is as if author Simon Bucher-Jones has worked from the series' axioms (she's an archaeologist. In space!) to derive the perfect subject for it – an extinct spacefaring species whose surviving artefacts drive the story. Most visually memorable of these is the Spire, an orbital tower protruding from the surface of Canopus IV. This structure has the function of receiving tachyonic signals from the future, which are interpreted as precognitive dreams by the reptilian priests at its foot.

Premonition is the emerging theme of *Ghost Devices*. It's an absurd idea, of course. Physicists tell us that the notion of sending information backwards in time is as impossible as sending people; it violates the fundamental law of cause and effect. A person's precognition that something will happen could cause him to take action to ensure it doesn't. So it doesn't. So he doesn't receive the premonition, and therefore doesn't take the avoiding action. So the event happens, and he does receive the premonition. And so on, *ad infinitum*. Entertainingly, the author goes beyond real science's mere reductionist approach to this madness, allowing, for instance, observers from outside time (the Watchmakers, from *Christmas On A Rational Planet*) to see this happen. He also draws the reader into the realm of precognition; just as events are reaching the scene depicted on the jacket illustration, he titles a chapter *Cover Story*.

Although tempted to compare *Ghost Devices* in some ways to *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (cautionary tales of civilisations brought down by their own inventions, sentient machines, familiar 20th century references), one cannot; it is an absorbing SF story in its own right, rather than a comedy in an SF setting. Bernice is often used here as storyteller as much as protagonist, and although this doesn't extend to her apparently embellishing or fictionalising events as much as in *Down*, the effect is comforting in the same way as Mark Renton's conspiratorial narration while the action freezes in *Trainspotting*.

The builders of the spire upon which the story is threaded are never seen; worshipped by some, feared by most, their image is familiar to all, even the very young. It's an identical treatment to that given the Daleks in the earlier *New Adventures*, and makes these Vol'ach just as imposing. *Ghost Devices* kept me entertained throughout, but the final few chapters are where Simon harvests the benefits of his earlier work to provide a finale that simultaneously surprises and resolves earlier loose ends. The effect is to make one want to turn back to the first page and start reading again. Infinitely more lively than his debut, *The Death of Art*, this book makes me hope that Simon Bucher-Jones is recommissioned, and quickly.



One suspects that Terrance Dicks can't shake the habit of writing television drama

THE NEW ADVENTURES
NA
MEAN STREETS
TERRANCE DICKS

THE NEW ADVENTURES: MEAN STREETS

Author Terrance Dicks
Featuring Bernice Summerfield, Chris Cwej
ISBN 0 426 20519 7
RRP £4.99
Available Now

Terrance Dicks could never be accused of abandoning his creations, nor of failing to wring every last drop of use from the settings he has devised; just look at how *State of Decay*'s vampire planet has reappeared in his subsequent novels, and the way that the Gallifreyan higher echelons have acquired the familiarity of the *Carry On* gang. The titular mean streets of his latest novel are those of Megacity on Megarra, and will be familiar to readers of *Shakedown* – in particular the first section, set before the events of the video. The scene is set with a flashback sequence reprising Chris and Roz's investigations, repeating some scenes from *Shakedown*, and describing their unfinished enquiries into something called the Project.

Inevitably, we catch up with the present, and Bernice waking up with a hangover at St Oscar's university, a scenario so claustrophobically unavoidable that I am starting to feel as though I had spent my own formative years in its student bar. Chris pays a visit and, despite being a professional scraper of the past, Bernice frustratingly fails to enquire where he has been, what he has been doing with his life, or even whether he's heard from you-know-who.

On arriving in Megacity, they participate in a functional homage to the era of private eyes and mob warfare. The guns fire photons instead of lead, rivals gangs are composed of different species rather than humans of different racial extraction, and the limousines hover rather than roll, but otherwise this may as well be Chicago in the thirties. Oh, and the private eye narrating alternate chapters in the first person isn't Humphrey Bogart; he's an Ogron. The idea of an occasional first-person narration by one of these morons from outer space has great comic potential, but this Ogron is Garshak, *Shakedown*'s intellectually-augmented police chief. His augmentation appears to have slipped a little here – gone is the gentlemanly Latin-quoting figure of old, replaced by someone who has taken on the character of a trench-coated private eye. Consequently, one hears neither the plummy tones suggested earlier, nor the growl of a chain-smoking gumshoe, and the result is a nevertheless sympathetic character smothered by too many personalities.

Mean Streets will certainly not win a Hugo or Nebula award for being ground-breaking SF (it isn't really SF at all, just a gangster story with modern props) but achieves an atypical coherency and lucidity within this range by virtue of coming from the pen of a writer who, one suspects, can't completely shake the habit of writing as if for BBC television drama; Terrance keeps the settings to a minimum, returns to them frequently, and makes his characters distinct and distinctive. This is the work of someone who knows that someone else will have to visualise what he has written, and makes sure it won't be difficult.

Adults will find this a soothing read when they are tired, with only a single gag about the EU to rudely remind them of reality. Younger readers should love it; *Mean Streets* is as challenging as the author's own *Junior Doctor Who and the Giant Robot*.

THE NEW ADVENTURES
NA
TEMPEST
CHRISTOPHER BULIS

THE NEW ADVENTURES: TEMPEST

Author Christopher Bulis **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield **ISBN** 0 426 20523 5 **RRP** £4.99
Available 15 January

A few issues ago, *Shelf Life* confessed to maintaining boxes labelled 'earnest' and 'wacky' into which *New Adventures* were tossed after reading. Of the novels under consideration this month, only *Ghost Devices* made it into 'wacky', and I had no doubt whatsoever that the prolific Christopher Bulis' latest offering would sail straight into 'earnest'. It's instructive to observe how differently authors portray the same character; Gary Russell's Bernice is characterised by relationship stress, Simon Bucher-Jones has her tossed from pillar to post, stoically making quotable asides as she goes, and Terrance Dicks makes her a sassy broad with hollow legs. Christopher Bulis offers perhaps the most stable Bernice, forced to curb her alcohol intake in order to do the job at hand – that being the solution to a murder and theft on a trans-continental rail journey.

From Philip Marlowe to Hercule Poirot is perhaps not the greatest allusional jump, but the author does frequently illustrate that this is the future on another world by detailing the inhospitable landscapes on the planet Tempest through which the Polar Express passes.

Having overcome the now-customary initial inertia of the author's work, I found the train a comfortingly self-contained environment. All the staples of upper-class murder mysteries are present, from assumed names to long-standing rivalries between the passengers. Perhaps the book's low point comes immediately after the murder and simultaneous theft of a priceless religious artefact, since neither leaves Bernice in any immediate danger; at this point I had little interest in whodunnit, or why he dunnit ("why they dunnit" in Virgin's irritating house style, I suppose). It is to the author's credit that as book and train progressed, my interest rose correspondingly.

Bulis generates interest by keeping the pace steady and ensuring the reader knows where he is all the time, just like a passenger on one of the Polar Express' less eventual trips. And the author's service has been steady and long-running – I count that this is his eighth *Doctor Who*-related novel. As previously observed, his skill has been in adapting to the modes of the period he's adding to, and I had reservations about how he'd fare in this more anarchic domain. But his Bernice rings as true as all the others and – along with only Justin Richards, he abstains from making blatant 20th century references, an all too tempting practice given the Professor's specialisation.

Shelf Life is rather pleased that the howls which greeted Bernice's absence from its pages have brought her back this month. Reading four books in this series in such a small period has underlined that there are many sides to Bernice, all valid and enjoyable. *Tempest* is dignified and graceful, but only counts as SF by its location, whereas *Deadfall* uses SF devices in abundance but feels just as formulaic as *Mean Streets* by using them only as tools rather than themes. Of this quartet, only *Ghost Devices* really belongs in the SF section, and is coincidentally the funniest too. I'd like to see the 'wacky' box filling up faster. And give Bernice a time machine soon, please. The girl needs to get out more.

The nuts and bolts

Andrew Pixley takes a look at what could have been the most fascinating television study of *Doctor Who* ever undertaken – a five-part series documenting the production of Tom Baker's debut serial, *Robot* . . .

Back in April 1977, in *Whose Doctor Who*, an edition of the BBC2 series *The Lively Arts*, Melvyn Bragg assessed the impact of *Doctor Who*, then 13 years old, on British society. For those not forced to watch ITC's blockbuster *Jesus of Nazareth* (as advertised earlier that day by His Holiness the Pope himself) on the commercial channel, BBC2 could offer 58 minutes of rare archive clips, discussions about attitudes towards the show, interviews with cast and crew and behind-the-scenes filming showing rehearsals and studio work for *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, which had rounded off Season Fourteen the previous day.

Behind-the-scenes filming has always had a particular fascination for *Doctor Who* fans, but generally it has been restricted to short inserts in local news programmes recording what happened when the *Doctor Who* crew came "down your way" – dating back to September 1967 when rain-soaked location shooting in Snowdonia for *The Abominable Snowmen* was covered by a BBC Cymru *Wales Today* crew. Include New Jersey Network's *The Making of Doctor Who* and you might just get a couple of hours' material in total. More lavish documentaries produced since 1989 – such as *30 Years in the TARDIS* and its BBC Video re-cut – have been hindered by the fact that *Doctor Who* was not in production. So, it is a little galling to find that, once upon a time, the BBC were planning to transmit an educational series which would offer more than two hours' worth of the production and reception of just one *Doctor Who* serial – and even worse that the programme was never made!

Early in 1974, David Hargreaves, a producer in the Further Education Television department of the BBC, proposed a set of programmes with the working title *Television Drama* which aimed to "increase the viewers' enjoyment of TV drama". To achieve this, it would give the audience "some insight into what is special about TV drama and how it gets onto the screen" and hence "add a new dimension to their viewing" while also "encouraging thought".

The desire was to show over five 25-minute programmes how a television drama programme is made, and to this end a forthcoming *Doctor Who* serial – then with the working title of *Robot* – was chosen as the sample subject. This was arranged with Barry Letts, *Doctor Who*'s outgoing producer, and Terrance Dicks, the writer of *Robot*; indeed, until a short time earlier, Dicks had still been under contract to the BBC as script editor of *Doctor Who* and had only recently handed over the mantle to Robert Holmes.

Letts was a key figure in the process, and as Hargreaves' opposite number on the show it was planned that he should deliver an extensive in-depth interview which would cover all the aspects of his function as a drama producer – with particular reference to *Doctor Who*. Within this framework, each episode of *Television Drama* would then be closely linked to one of the episodes of *Robot*, from which clips would be taken to illustrate specific aspects of drama productions. "The visual interest will come from studio demonstrations and illustrate the extracts from Dr Who and other TV drama" observed Hargreaves.

In April, investigations began into the copyright issues and facilities payments which would need to be made to those involved in *Robot*. The first four of Hargreaves' projected programmes dealt very closely with many aspects of production and would show not only "work in progress" over the coming weeks, but also many extracts from the finished serial. There would also need to be a fee paid to Dicks for his participation as he was no longer a BBC employee.

The series would contain over two hours' worth of behind-the-scenes film

Hargreaves' first draft outlined the five programmes along the following lines:

PROGRAMME 1

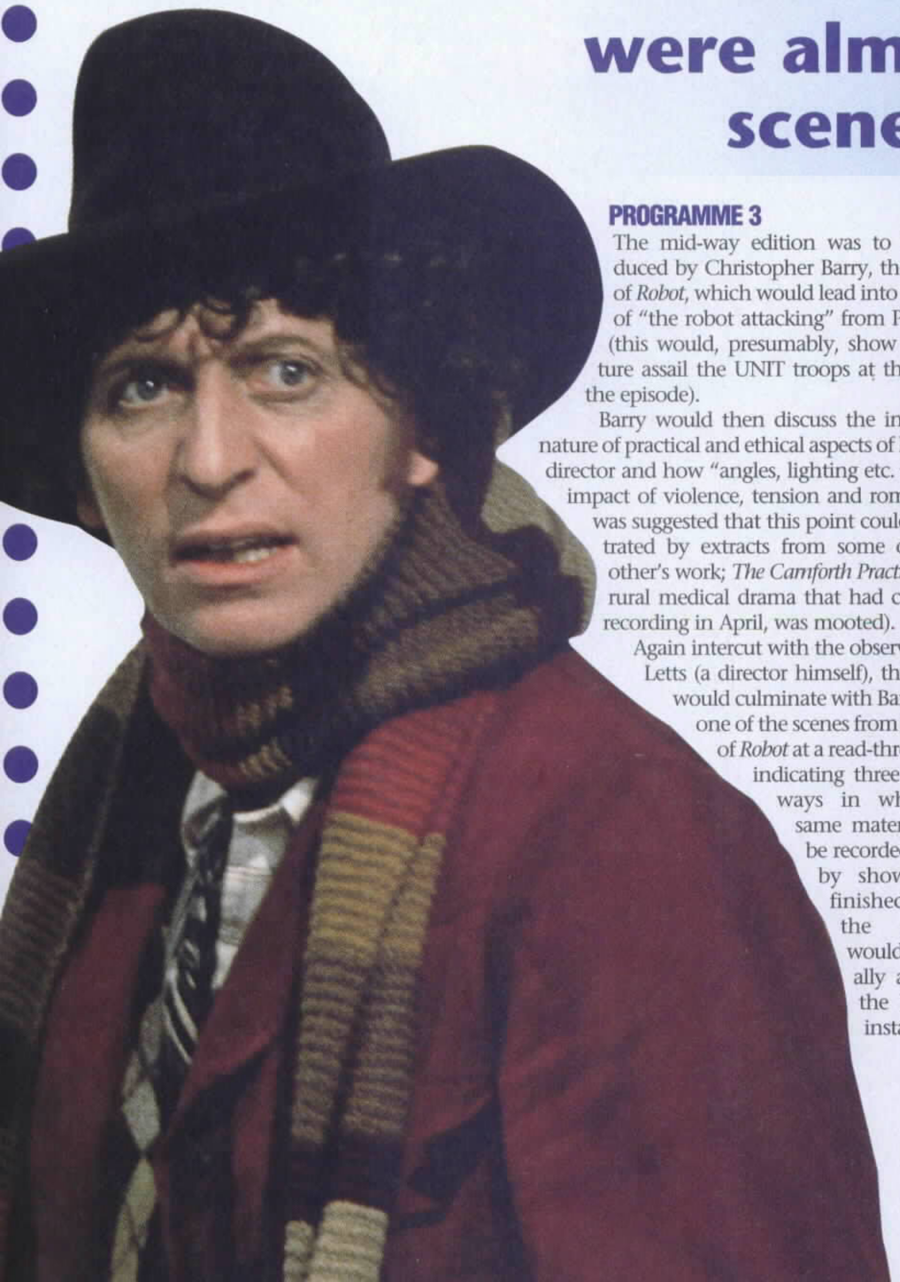
Hargreaves envisaged the introductory edition as concentrating on the actors involved in a drama programme, and would be hosted by Tom Baker who, after introducing himself, would lead into the "hospital sequence" (presumably the Doctor's return to the TARDIS from the UNIT Sick Bay) from the first episode of *Robot*. Baker would then discuss the problems and challenges of being the fourth actor to create the character of the Doctor, intercut with comments and observations from Letts (and possibly Dicks). Two of the previous actors to have played the Doctor (Jon Pertwee and Patrick Troughton, given William Hartnell's extremely poor health) would also add their views as the discussion expanded into the wider topic of what is special about acting in television drama; their comments would be illustrated by showing extracts from their other work in this area. Also in this show would be material showing a programme in the process of being recorded, and hence "an exposition of how a TV studio works by inference rather than explanation".

PROGRAMME 2

This would open with the "special effects man" (in this case Clifford Culley, the visual effects designer on *Robot*) who, after an introduction, would lead into a scene which involved the main special effects of the serial – the robot itself – from Part Two. Again intercut with Letts' comments, the mechanics of a monster would be revealed to the audience by material in which an actor is shown "how to work a past monster" from the series. Letts was then to comment on the use of monsters in his drama series: "how much fear they should be allowed to induce, what "message" can they carry, etc." The next member of the crew to appear would then be the designer (Ian Rawnsley) who would discuss the practical problems of set design by drawing upon examples from *Doctor Who* – "episode 5, depending on transmission dates" (presumably *The Ark in Space* Part One, Hargreaves pre-supposing that the same designer was to work on each serial). The point the designer was to emphasise was that the set could influence the attitude the viewer should take towards the drama, contrasting the realism of Newtown Police Station in the crime drama *Z Cars* with the fantasy of UNIT HQ in *Doctor Who*.

The Robot, out and about at Wood Norton in April 1974

Robot's studio sessions were almost ruined by a scene shifters' strike



PROGRAMME 3

The mid-way edition was to be introduced by Christopher Barry, the director of *Robot*, which would lead into the scene of "the robot attacking" from Part Three (this would, presumably, show the creature assail the UNIT troops at the start of the episode).

Barry would then discuss the inseparable nature of practical and ethical aspects of his role as director and how "angles, lighting etc. affect the impact of violence, tension and romance" (it was suggested that this point could be illustrated by extracts from some of Barry's other's work; *The Camforth Practice*, a BBC rural medical drama that had concluded recording in April, was mooted).

Again intercut with the observations of Letts (a director himself), this edition would culminate with Barry taking one of the scenes from the script of *Robot* at a read-through and indicating three different ways in which the same material could be recorded, ending by showing the finished scene the way it would eventually appear in the broadcast instalment.

PROGRAMME 4

The writer was to come under the spotlight in the penultimate show with Terrance Dicks introducing himself as a precursor to a scene from *Robot* – the suggested scene being Part Four's Scene 10, in which the robot kills Kettlewell outside the bunker.

Dicks and Letts would then discuss the "long-term aims" of the series and the issues tackled within *Robot*. These topics were listed as "women's lib, the purity league, computerisation, political assassination, etc." referring to the character of Miss Hilda Winters, the logical fascism of the Scientific Reform Society, the pros and cons of devices like the K1 Robot and the countdown computer, plus the death of Joseph Chambers.

As with the first edition, the discussion would broaden out into other programmes which Letts and Dicks had worked on with general questions relating to TV drama.

PROGRAMME 5

The series was to conclude by concentrating on the audience itself, possibly including film of two families watching *Doctor Who* being transmitted (with *Robot* airing around January 1975 this episode would have had to have been made after the others), plus interviews with academics or professionals whose research work includes the effect of TV on children.

The clips from first *Doctor Who*, then from TV drama in general, would lead into a studio discussion with a "name TV chairman". This would involve both the professional people interviewed over the previous programmes and the viewers of the same programmes, "hopefully illustrating how the contents of the first 4 programmes may be drawn on to fulfil the aims of the series".

"No doubt you're a bit surprised to see us in the world of Doctor Who . . ."

BBC scenery shifters' industrial action badly disrupted the first studio session of *Robot* on Tuesday 21 and Wednesday 22 May 1974. Recording only took place on Wednesday 22, and even then a number of scenes in Kettlewell's laboratory had been recorded with a stepladder stuck in the middle of the set which the production crew dared not move lest they infringe the territory of the scenery shifters' union. Many of these scenes were eventually re-recorded on Saturday 1 and Sunday 2 June. However, the strike brought about a rather odd edition of *Blue Peter* on Thursday 23 May. Because the sets had not been moved out and replaced with the *Blue Peter* cyclorama, the programme began with the *Doctor Who* theme as Peter Purves emerged from the TARDIS into the UNIT laboratory, John Noakes appeared from the hole dug in the floor of the bunker and Lesley Judd closed the safe door on sets which viewers of *Doctor Who* would not see for another seven months. As the trio of presenters assembled on the UNIT set, Noakes said: "Well, no doubt you're a bit surprised to see us in the world of *Doctor Who* – well, we're a bit surprised too . . ." Purves assured viewers that they had not really arrived in the TARDIS; the threesome then proceeded to introduce items about an American LP with horoscopes for dogs, some film about trout fishing, Valerie Singleton telling the tale of *The Fall of the Campanile* and a news piece on George the Mallard.

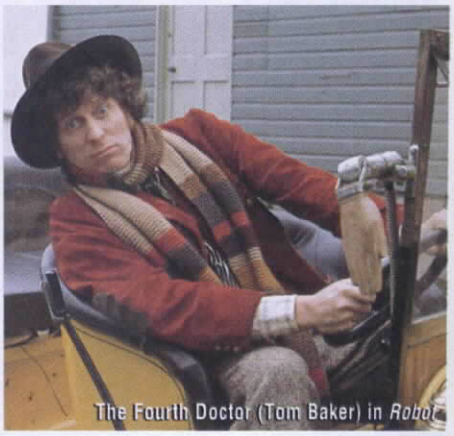
with
VALERIE SINGLETON
JOHN NOAKES
PETER PURVES
LESLEY JUDD

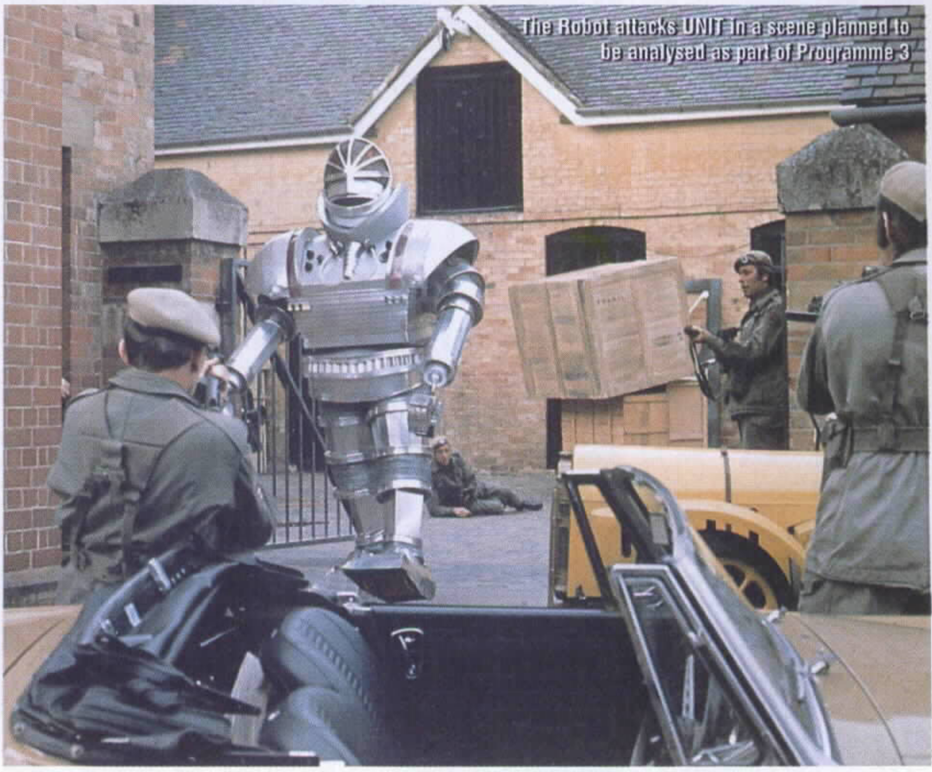
On Friday 5 April, Hargreaves was in a position to set out the proposed transmissions for the series – the programmes would be broadcast on BBC1 at 11.00pm on Monday nights starting Monday 13 January 1975, with repeats planned to run at 3.30pm on BBC2 on Tuesday afternoons from Tuesday 18 February.

On Monday 29 and Tuesday 30 April, the cast of *Robot* – who were then recording OB sequences at the BBC Engineer Training Centre at Wood Norton – were given additional contracts for the new serial whereby payments would be made for their involvement in the first four *Television Drama* programmes; they would be filmed working on the serial on at least three dates. The first of these was Friday 10 May, the first day of multi-episodic rehearsals and read-through on *Robot* at the BBC's Acton Rehearsal Rooms; this would illustrate material discussed by Barry in Programmes 1 and 3. The final two days were to be Thursday 6 and Friday 7 June, when the bulk of Parts Three and Four would be recorded in Studio 3 at Television Centre along with a great deal of the CSO effects work on the serial; this would provide material mainly for Programmes 2 and 3.

However, at the time, BBC television was in the middle of a period of industrial unrest; shortages and three-day weeks had beset much of the country. *Robot* itself had overshot its Outside Broadcast recording by one day, and the first studio sessions in late May were almost totally ruined by a scenery shifters' strike that almost brought the BBC to a standstill. Other series – notably a new BBC drama called *The Double Dealers* – were suddenly brought to an abrupt end, while others such as *Dial M for Murder* soldiered on to meet looming transmission dates. With the problems hitting *Robot*, it is possible that an additional crew filming proceedings was not conducive to completing the serial on schedule – indeed, a remount of the CSO material was needed as late as October that year – or indeed that the union action precluded the *Television Drama* crew working at all.

"D.H. cancelled 7/6/74" reads the hand-written note appended to the paperwork in the BBC files. David Hargreaves invited Terrance Dicks to work on developing a new adult literacy series later in 1974 and went on to produce *Tucker's Luck*, the *Grange Hill* spin-off starring Todd Carty. Barry Letts was attempting to leave the series and move on to adaptations of either *Anna Karenina* or *Lt Hornblower* (the latter by First Doctor scriptwriter John Lucarotti) which he and Dicks had commissioned. Dicks was freelancing again, developing both the new Target novelisations of *Doctor Who* and also *The Haunting*, a storyline for an unmade six-part *Doctor Who*. In summer 1976, Dicks was not only revising his co-authored book *The Making of Doctor Who* for Target (with a heavy emphasis on the production of *Robot*) but also became involved with helping to write and research a documentary about *Doctor Who* for the BBC2 arts programme *2nd House*. From this developed *Whose Doctor Who*, in which Dicks appeared in conference with incoming producer Graham Williams about his aims for a new serial, departing producer Philip Hinchcliffe said what was and wasn't acceptable in the show, director David Maloney was seen working with the cast of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* in rehearsals and in studio, Michealjohn Harris demonstrated visual effects, Stuart Fell was shown how to work the monster rat costume, Tom Baker commented on how he made his Doctor different from his predecessors and the problems of playing the character, and viewer reactions were gauged from families such as educationalist Keith Hewett and family, schoolchildren and students, teacher Ronald Matthews and family, educationalist Kenneth Bailey, psychologist John Miller and physician Dr Eric Sherwood Jones. Certainly a lot of Hargreaves' ideas of how to study a television drama's production and reception did not die with *Television Drama*. We appear to have come full circle . . . DWM


The Fourth Doctor (Tom Baker) in *Robot*


The Robot attacks UNIT in a scene planned to be analysed as part of Programme 3

Fluid Links

by **Matthew Jones**

The sound of the suburbs

We moved house recently, giving up the tiny flat in East London which had been our first home together for a large town house only a few streets away. As with all removals this included the depressing chore of shifting all those cardboard boxes still up in the loft that we hadn't ever got around to unpacking last time. I was standing on a stepladder, pulling one huge overspilling box of junk down, when the box tore and disgorged its contents all over me. I cursed as books, papers and old toys poured down – a rainstorm of childhood memorabilia. In amongst the broken toys and crumpled board games (all missing pieces, of course), a tatty copy of the **Doctor Who Summer Special** from 1980 fluttered to the floor.

How much of my love for *Doctor Who* is born out of a desire to escape the routine?

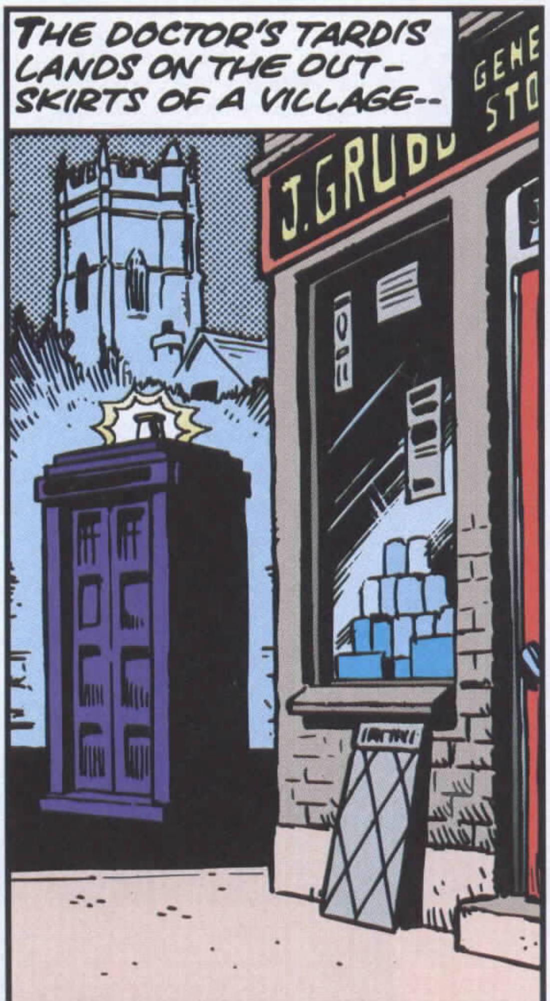
The bright blue and yellow cover boasting "Daleks! Pin-ups! And lots more!" sent me spinning back to my childhood. Unable to resist, I guiltily checked that Iain was busy – he was wrapping glassware in newspaper in the kitchen – before I settled down amidst the rubble of my youth and began to read.

The **Summer Special** was full of enthusiastic but rather primitive articles about the Daleks and Cybermen, but what really caught my eye was the reprint of the first comic strip to appear in the **Weekly**, *Doctor Who and the Iron Legion*. I could still remember this story from when I bought my copy of the "Fantastic First Issue" with my pocket money back in 1979. I was overjoyed to discover that my memory hadn't cheated me at all. *Doctor Who and the Iron Legion* is a beautiful story, including all the elements which make the Tom Baker era of the programme my favourite. It's funny, chilling to the edge of being actually horrific, and deals with human tragedy without resorting to overblown sentimentality. I spent a quarter of an hour reading this 34-page epic, reacquainting myself with my old friends Vesuvius, the nervous robot, and Morris, the doomed galley slave.

But what particularly charmed me was a scene right at the beginning of the story, where the Doctor brings the TARDIS to a quiet English village, planning to stock up on jelly babies. One of the panels sent a shiver down my spine: it was an image of the front of the sweetshop seen from between the spindly metal legs of one of the invading robot legionnaires. This juxtaposition of the alien and everyday was just as enchanting now as it had been when I read the strip as an 11 year-old.

Back then, I wasn't really bothered why these images were so powerful – I just got on with enjoying the sense of wonder and excitement they instilled in me. 17 years later, I was struck by how effective the comic strip is at evoking this clash of the ordinary and the extraordinary. I was reminded of the recent strip *Endgame*, which launched the pen-and-ink adventures of the Eighth Doctor. *Endgame* begins with what appears to be a scene of the English upper class at play: a group of horsebacked huntsmen chase an animal through summer countryside. However, a few panels later, the "beast" is revealed to be a human being. The English aristocrats are foxes armed with Acme laser pistols!

I have always loved these particular types of stories because the strange mysterious events feel like they might just be taking place around the corner of my everyday, ordinary life. Jon Pertwee famously said that he thought his contemporary, Earth-bound stories were always the most frightening because the monsters appeared to be invading our own worlds. While I think the idea of walking in on a Yeti sitting on a loo in Tooting Bec is probably more embarrassing than actually frightening, Jon Pertwee was undoubtedly right. But his comments don't only apply to the threat posed by the monsters. Watching Part One of *Survival* back in 1989, I remember catching my breath as the TARDIS ground into existence in the driveway of a suburban London semi – because I grew up in a house like that, and spent the long summer holidays quietly dreaming that, with a wheezing and groaning noise, a blue Police Box would appear in my front drive and the Doctor would whisk me off for a quick trip round the galaxy.


THE DOCTOR'S TARDIS LANDS ON THE OUT-SKIRTS OF A VILLAGE--
J.GRUB

With no video recorder to replay the television stories, those comic strip images, so brilliantly conjured by the artists and writers, never failed to bring the Doctor close to the safe but terribly dull world of my suburban childhood. Sitting on the floor of my flat I found myself wondering how much of my love of *Doctor Who* is born out of the desire to escape the routine and the everyday and live a life of endless change and adventure.

I was brought out of my musings by Iain's approach. He had finished packing the kitchenware and was coming to check on my progress with the loft. He frowned at all the mess before he caught sight of the crumpled comic in my 28 year-old fingers. "Haven't you done anything yet?" he snapped. "Bloody hell, Matt, I've practically packed the whole flat on my own."

I stumbled to my feet, apologising, and began to tidy up the mess. He stalked off towards the bathroom, shaking his head wearily and sighing to himself.

For just a moment I paused in my task – taking a moment to listen just in case I could hear the whisper of ancient Gallifreyan engines heralding the arrival of you-know-what and you-know-who. But there was only the distant sound of Radio Four cheerily filling the now-empty sitting room with gardening tips, and Iain noisily packing aftershave bottles into a box in the bathroom.

With a reluctant sigh, I began to look around for another cardboard box to tip the mess into. I was rather reassured that these remnants of my childhood would soon be residing in the loft of our new house where they would, no doubt, remain undisturbed until it was time to move again.

The Telesnap Archive

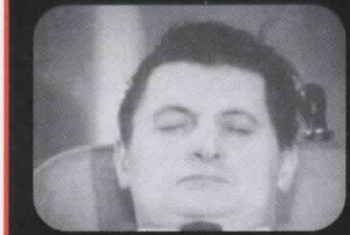
During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Faceless Ones

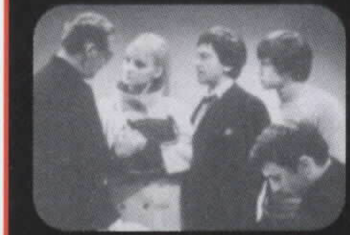
Episode 2

by David Ellis & Malcolm Hulke
Directed by Gerry Mill
Transmitted 15 April 1967

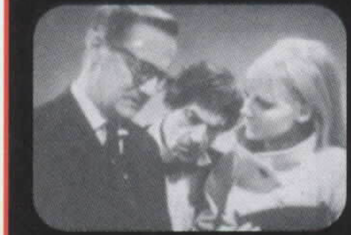
THE FACELESS ONES



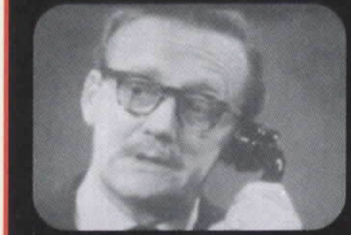
In the airport medical centre, Blade and Spencer help the creature to lay down. On a neighbouring couch lies the motionless body of one of the air traffic controllers.



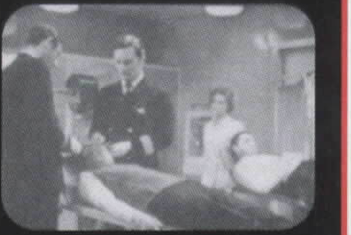
At passport control, Polly insists that the Doctor and Jamie cannot know her – this is her first trip to England. "I am Michelle Leuppi, from Zurich," she says; she has come to England to work.



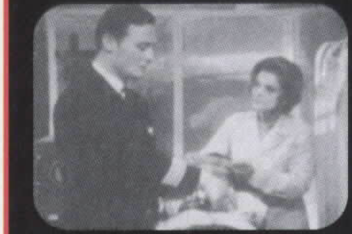
The Commandant satisfies himself that her papers are in order. The Doctor asks her to explain her perfect grasp of English. "I had an English governess," she states. The Commandant allows her to leave.



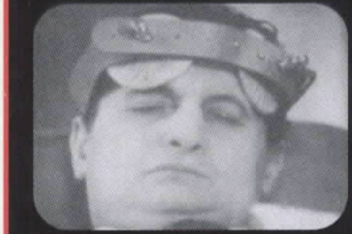
As the Commandant calls the police, the Doctor and Jamie make their escape. "Situation changed," says the Commandant, "they've just made a run for it. I'll give you their descriptions."



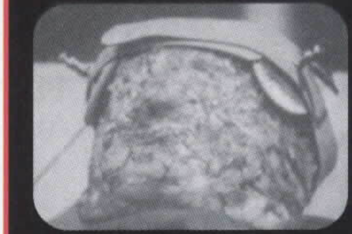
In the medical centre, a nurse joins Blade and Spencer. She takes from a drawer two arm cuffs – one white, one black. She hands the white one to Blade, and the other to Spencer.



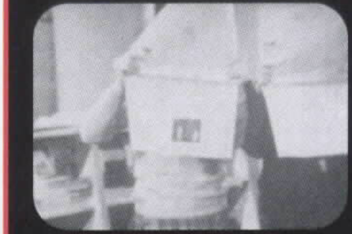
"Who is he?" asks Blade, strapping the device to the man's left forearm. "Meadows, Air Traffic Control," she replies, checking the connection back to a large machine between the couches.



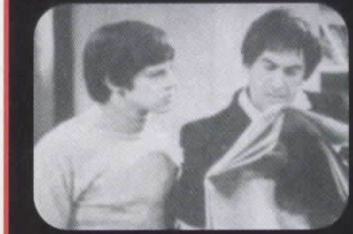
She activates the device. As an eerie pulsating sound fills the room, Meadows begins to twitch spasmodically.



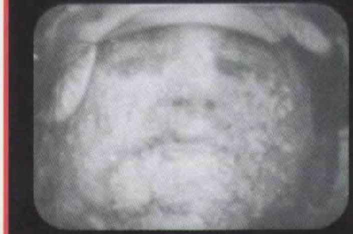
On the opposing couch, the creature's breathing becomes calm and shallow.



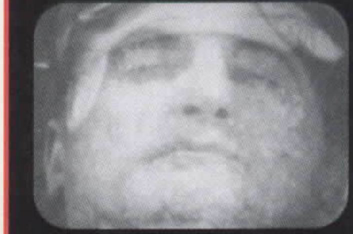
Hiding behind newspapers, the Doctor and Jamie wonder if the girl they saw was really Polly. He then sees a notice in the paper advertising Chameleon Youth Tours for 18-25 year-olds.



He describes a chameleon – a lizard which changes colour to suit its environment – to Jamie, adding that the term can equally apply to personalities. Ben arrives; they decide to go elsewhere to talk.



Slowly the creature's blank features begin to blur, taking on human characteristics.



The creature's new aspect is slowly revealed to be the face of the air traffic controller.

In a few short moments, the transformation is complete. The nurse deactivates the machine.

"Is he all right?" enquires Blade as she disconnects the apparatus. "We'll see," she replies, as they help him to sit up.

The nurse fetches an eye chart, asking him to read the first line. His speech is slow and badly defined. "Vocal control," says the nurse; Blade adjusts a control on the subject's arm cuff. "Try that," he says.

"H, X, O, A," enunciates the Meadows creature perfectly. The nurse hands Blade a file. He studies it for a moment, then asks the new Meadows: "Who are you?"

"I am George Meadows. I work at Air Traffic Control, Gatwick airport," the transformed creature answers. "Excellent," remarks Blade.

"Look, there's Polly," cries Ben as they pass the booking desks; the girl is working for Chameleon Tours. The Doctor tells his friends to wait while he investigates.

The Doctor asks Polly to recall what happened to her in the hangar. She says that she doesn't know what he's referring to – and that if she'd seen anyone shot she would have told the police.

"Shot?" says the Doctor, curious. "Murdered," blurts Polly quickly.

"I didn't say anyone was shot or murdered," the Doctor tells Polly. He rejoins the others; Ben says he knows where they can talk.

In the office behind the kiosk, Polly is told that circumstances are against her, and she must leave on the next flight. Polly warns Blade that the Doctor is very persistent.

In the Air Traffic Control centre the alien Meadows returns to duty and takes his seat at one of the radar posts.

"Are you sure you haven't seen him?" a man asks, showing the Commandant a photo. "I'm quite sure," he replies, then introduces Miss Rock to Detective Inspector Crossland; she is to assist him.

"I think I'll need a pass for a start," he informs her. "Anything else?" she enquires. Crossland reveals that he was expecting to rendezvous with a colleague, Detective Inspector Gascoigne.

"We were investigating a missing person off one of your charter flights," he explains. "The funny thing is he hasn't turned up."

"What shall I say your business is?" she asks, her pen poised to complete the document. He states slowly and deliberately: "Investigation into Chameleon Youth Tours."

Ben leads the Doctor and Jamie to a passport photo-booth. The three friends squeeze inside. Here, the Doctor ponders the possibility that the girl at the kiosk wasn't really Polly.

"Do you think she's been brainwashed?" ventures Ben. "No," the Doctor asserts – there wouldn't have been enough time. "Look out," he warns, just before an elderly lady pulls back the curtain.

They pose for the camera and the lady goes away. They need to know more, so Ben goes to investigate the hangar, Jamie goes to watch Polly, and the Doctor goes to see the Commandant.

As Jamie heads for the kiosk, the public address system announces the departure of a flight to Geneva.

Elsewhere, a young Liverpudlian, Samantha Briggs, is asking after her brother, Brian. "What about him?" says Polly. "He went on one of your tours and now he's disappeared," explains Samantha.

"I tried to get the telephone number of the hotel you sent him to and the operator said there was no such place . . . So!" she snaps, banging on the desk get Polly's attention, "I contacted the police."

Polly, hearing that the police couldn't find Brian in Rome, suggests that he may have gone elsewhere. Sam then produces a postcard from Brian – posted in Rome. Polly says she'll make further enquires.

Polly enters the office and activates a monitor. "Is Captain Blade there?" she asks," "No," replies Spencer. "I must speak with him," she urges. He tells her he will inform Blade upon his return.

Polly asks Samantha to wait. Samantha and Jamie strike up a conversation after he admits eavesdropping. Although frustrated by Polly's inaction, she is confident that her brother can look after himself.

"I hope you're right," says Jamie. "What do you mean?" asks Sam. Jamie refuses to be drawn, but says he has a friend who may help. He raises his newspaper to hide from a patrolling policeman.

In the Air Traffic Control centre, Miss Rock informs the Commandant that there is a gentleman who wishes to speak to him. "Did he say what about?" he enquires.

"It's about a dead body," she relates. The Commandant puts down the papers he was studying. "Bring him in," he says with trepidation.

The Doctor beams as he strides into the room. The Commandant immediately reaches for the phone and calls the police. "If you're going to contact the police," starts the Doctor . . .

". . . tell them there's something is happening in this airport that may endanger human lives." The Commandant ignores him as he refers to the "body in the Chameleon Tours hangar".

"Chameleon Tours?" remarks Miss Rock. She tries to tell him the Doctor about Crossland's interest, but the Commandant orders two policemen to take the Doctor away and lock him up.

"One step nearer," warns the Doctor, producing a small black object from his pockets, "and I'll blow you all to smithereens . . . Catch!" he cries, and runs for it. The Commandant catches a rubber ball . . .

Polly confirms her instructions with Captain Blade. "As soon as you've got rid of the girl," he concludes, "Close the kiosk and get on the next flight."

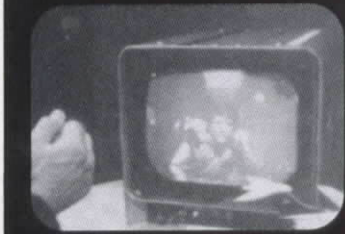
Polly confirms that Brian did fly to Rome, but she doesn't know where he went to next, and suggests that Samantha should go home and wait for Brian there. Polly then closes the kiosk.

Frustrated, Samantha returns to sit with Jamie. "There's something funny going on here," she moans. "My brother's vanished an' that lot just couldn't care less."

Ben enters the Chameleon Tours hangar – and, noticing two crates that he didn't see there before, searches for a crowbar.

Finding one, he levers open the upright crate. Inside, he finds Polly in a trance-like state. On her forearm is a white cuff.

Ben races to the office, grabs the phone and asks to be put through to Air Traffic Control. "I want to speak to a friend of mine who should be with the Commandant right now!" he demands.



Ignoring Jamie and Sam, the Doctor enters the empty kiosk looking for Polly. Turning the desk monitor on, he sees Ben immobilised by a figure firing a pen-like device.

Via the monitor, Spencer sees the Doctor and tells Blade that the Doctor must have seen what happened. Knowing that the Doctor will investigate, Blade orders Spencer to dispose of Ben's body.

Crossland shows a picture of Brian Briggs to Jenkins, who doesn't recognise Brian – but does, when asked, recall Gascoigne. He relates the 'body in the hangar' saga and describes the Doctor and Jamie.

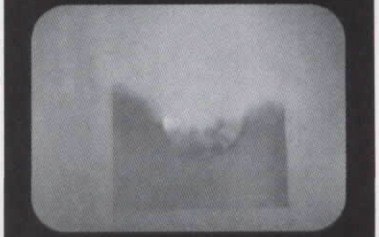
The Tannoy announces the departure of a Chameleon Tours flight to Zurich. As passengers begin to assemble at the reopened kiosk, Jamie observes that Polly is nowhere around.

At the hangar, the Doctor finds the pen-like device – but no Ben. Meanwhile, a Chameleon Tours stewardess hands out postcards; if passengers write them now, they will be posted on their behalf.

Sam realises that the card she received from Rome wasn't actually posted by Brian. As she and Jamie go to inform the Doctor, Crossland stops Jamie: "Just a minute, son . . . I want a word with you."

The Doctor opens one of the cases and finds the real Meadows. In the secret room, Spencer reaches for a microphone. The Doctor hears a voice call from the office: "Help me . . . I'm suffocating."

The Doctor races into the office. Suddenly, a shutter falls across the door, sealing him in. The Doctor stamps his foot, cursing himself for being duped.



A small section of the wall slides open, and a white gas bellows into the room. The Doctor tries to block the vent, but the temperature of the gas causes him to pull his hand back sharply.

As clouds of freezing gas swirl around him, the shivering Doctor drops to his knees . . .

DIRECTED BY
GERRY MILL
BBC tv

Compiled by Matthew Pereira

Back issues

Here's a chance to catch up with any missing issues of *Doctor Who Classic Comics* or special editions of *Doctor Who Magazine*. *Classic Comics* ran for 27 issues and reprinted some of the very best *Doctor Who* comic strips from the sixties, seventies and eighties. Each of the *Doctor Who* specials is themed around a particular aspect of the content or production of the TV series.

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profile
peter cushing

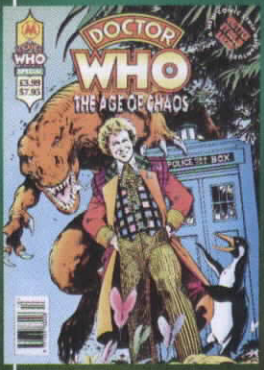
KEY TO LISTING
Ar Archive **Ft** Feature **It** Interview **St** Strip
Ts Telesnap Archive **Tx** Text fiction

DOCTOR WHO SPECIALS

DWSS 91: *Doctor Who* location guide **Ft** Locations checklist; Production manager Gary Downie's memoirs; Sophie Aldred on making *Silver Nemesis* **St** *Seaside Rendezvous* (Paul Cornell/Gary Frank)

DWWS 91: UNIT exposed Free poster **Ft** Fictional history of UNIT; Derrick Sherwin, Nicholas Courtney and others recall UNIT; The UNIT years (production histories) **St** *The Man in the Ion Mask* (Dan Abnett/Brian Williamson) **Tx** *A Wee Deoch an . . ?* (Colin Baker)

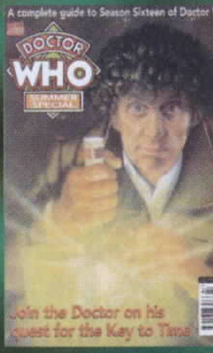
DWWS 92: The Time Lords Free poster **It** Terrance Dicks; Anthony Read; Johnny Byrne **Ar** *The Invasion of Time*; *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Thirteen and Fourteen **Ft** Everything you ever wanted to know about the Time Lords (Andrew Pixley) **St** *Flashback* (Warwick Gray/John Ridgway)



DWSS 93: 30 years of the Daleks Free poster **It** Ben Aaronovitch **Ar** *Remembrance of the Daleks*; *The Chase* **Ft** Everything you ever wanted to know about the Daleks; What the Papers Said **St** *Bringer of Darkness* (Gray/Martin Geraghty)

DWSS 94: Genesis and destiny of *Doctor Who* **It** Virginia Wetherell; William Hartnell; Lisa Bowerman; Sylvester McCoy **Ar** *100,000 BC*, *Survival* **Ft** First year of series; visual effects; title sequences **St** *Are You Listening?!*/*Younger and Wiser* (Gray/Colin Andrew)

DWWS 94: Writer Robert Holmes **Ar** *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *Carnival of Monsters* **Ft** Holmes on Holmes; However Improbable (critique); *The Aliens in the Blood* (unmade story); Creating the Krotons **St** *Plastic Millennium* (Gareth Roberts/Geraghty)


A complete guide to Season Sixteen of Doctor Who
DOCTOR WHO
SUMMER SPECIAL
Join the Doctor on his quest for the Key to Time

DWSS 95: The Key to Time **It** Iain Cuthbertson; Nigel Plaskitt; Douglas Adams **Ar** *The Ribos Operation*, *The Stones of Blood* **Ft** Critique of Season Sixteen; Missing Stories, *The Lords of Misrule* **St** *The Seventh Segment* (Roberts/Paul Peart)

DWSPRING: The sixties Dalek movies **It** Jill Curzon **Ft** Making the movies; Peter Cushing **St** *Daleks Versus the Martians* (Alan Barnes/Lee Sullivan)

The Age of Chaos Complete 88-page Sixth Doctor graphic novel **St** *The Age of Chaos* (Colin Baker/John M Burns, Barrie Mitchell) **Note: £6.00**

DOCTOR WHO CLASSIC COMICS

DWCC 9 Free poster **St** *Dr. Who and the Daleks* [movie adaptation] (unknown/Dick Giordano & Sal Trapani); *The Neutron Knights* (Steve Parkhouse/Dave Gibbons) **Ft** Seventh Doctor strips

DWCC 11 Free poster **St** *The Tides of Time* 5-7 (Parkhouse/Gibbons); *The Doctor Strikes Back* (unknown/John Canning) **It** Dave Gibbons **Ft** Vworp! Vworp! (index to strips)

DWCC 12 Free poster **St** *The Enemy From Nowhere* (Dennis Hooper/Gerry Haylock); *The Daleks: Impasse* (Whitaker/Turner); *The Therovian Quest* (unknown/Neville Main)

DWCC 13 Free badge; Free poster **St** *The Ugrakks* (Hooper/Haylock); *The Hijackers of Thrax* (unknown/Main); *Doctor Who on the Web Planet* (unknown/Main) **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 14 Free poster **St** *Planet of the Dead* (John Freeman/Lee Sullivan); *The Daleks: The Terrorkon Harvest* (Whitaker/Turner); *Woden's Warriors* (Geoff Cowan/John M Burns); *The Ugrakks* (Hooper/Haylock); **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 15 Free poster **St** *A Christmas Story* (unknown/Bill Mevin); *Steelfist* (Hooper/Haylock); *The Zeron Invasion* (Hooper/Haylock); *The Daleks: Legacy of Yesteryear* (Whitaker/Turner) **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 1 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 16 Free poster **St** *Exodus!/Revelation!/Genesis!* (Alan McKenzie/John Ridgway) *The Daleks: Legacy of Yesteryear*, *The Zeron Invasion* **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 3 **It** John Ridgway **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 17 Free poster **St** *Return of the Daleks* (unknown/Martin Asbury); *The Zombies* (unknown/Canning); *The Gyros Injustice* (unknown/Main); *The Daleks: Shadow of Humanity* (Whitaker/Turner) **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 5 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 18 Free poster **St** *Stars Fell On Stockbridge* (Parkhouse/Gibbons); *Deadly Choice* (Hooper/Haylock); *The Daleks: The Emissaries of Jevo* (Whitaker/Turner); *Master of Spiders!* (unknown/Canning) **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 1 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DOCTOR WHO
CLASSIC COMICS
More from The Telesnap Archive
The Fourth Doctor faces The Return of the Daleks
The Daleks encounter a Shadow of Humanity

DWCC 19 **St** *The Wreckers!* (Hooper/Asbury); *The Daleks: Road to Conflict* (Whitaker/Turner); *Kane's Story* (McKenzie/Ridgway); *Who is the Stranger* (Hooper/Haylock) **It** Alan Fennell **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 3

DWCC 20 **St** *The Glen of Sleeping* (Dick O'Neill/Haylock); *Challenge of the Piper* (unknown/Main); *Abel's Story* (McKenzie/Ridgway); *The Exterminator* (unknown/Canning) **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 5 Ft Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 21 **St** *Once in a Lifetime* (Freeman/Geoff Senior); *The Stockbridge Horror* 1-3 (Parkhouse); *The Warrior's Story* (McKenzie/Ridgway); *War World* (Freeman/Art Wetherell) **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 1 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 22 **St** *The Monsters From the Past!* (unknown/Canning); *The Stockbridge Horror* 4 (Parkhouse/Mick Austin); *Moon Landing* (unknown/Main); *Time in Reverse* (unknown/Main); *Frobisher's Story* (McKenzie/Ridgway) **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 3 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 23 **St** *The Threat From Beneath* (O'Neill/Haylock); *Return of the Daleks* 1-2 (Steve Moore/Paul Neary); *Lizardworld* (unknown/Main); *The Stockridge Horror* 5-6 **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 5 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!; **Doctor Who Weekly** back-up strips

DWCC 24 **St** *kcaB to the Sun* (Hooper/Haylock); *The Didus Experiment* (unknown/Main); *The TARDIS Worshippers* (unknown/Canning); *Return of the Daleks* 3-4; *Technical Hitch* (Dan Abnett/Wetherell); *The Final Quest* (Moore/Neary) **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 1 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!

DWCC 25 **St** *Doctor Who and the Star Beast* 1-4 (Pat Mills & John Wagner/Gibbons); *Space War III* (unknown/Canning); *The Labyrinth* (O'Neill/Haylock); *A Switch in Time* (Freeman/Senior); *K9's Finest Hour* (Moore/Neary) **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 3 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!; K9's Conundrums

DWCC 26 **St** *Egyptian Escapade!* (unknown/John Canning); *The Coming of the Cybermen* (unknown/Canning); *Doctor Who and the Star Beast* 5-8; *Warlord of the Ogrons* (Moore/Steve Dillon) **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 5 **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!; K9's Conundrums

DWCC 27 Final issue **St** *The Spoilers* (O'Neill/Haylock); *The Vortex* (Hooper/Haylock); *The Unheard Voice* (O'Neill/Haylock); *Timeslip* (Dez Skinn/Neary) **Ft** Vworp! Vworp!; K9's Conundrums; Complete **DWCC** index

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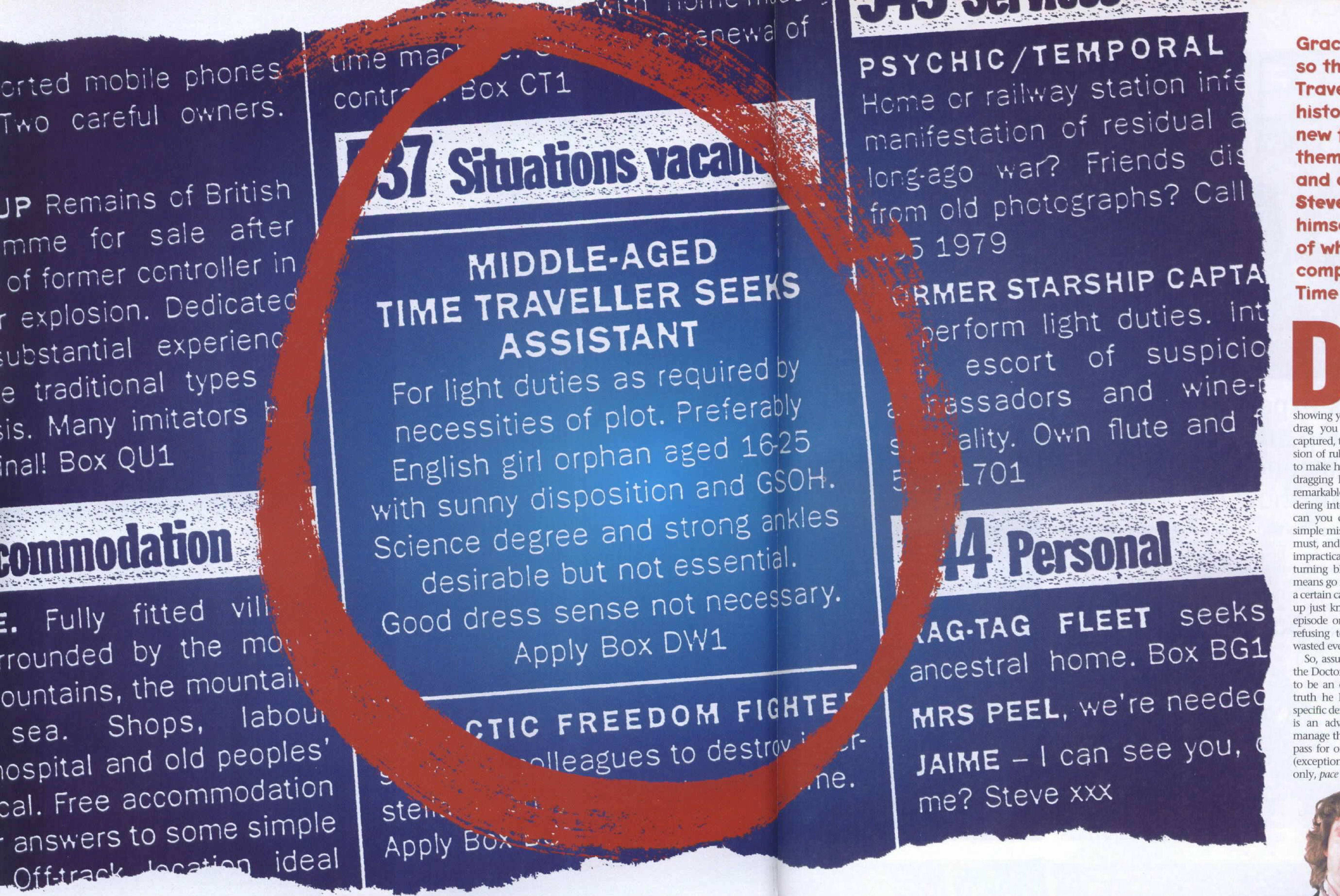
Pretty? Vacant!

Grace turned him down, so there's a job going . . . Travel the worlds! Meet historical people! Make new friends and watch them die! Skimming CVs and checking references, Steve Lyons applies himself to the question of what it takes to be a companion to a rogue Time Lord . . .



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37 Situations vacan

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desirable but not essential.
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escort of suspicio
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1701

4 Personal

AG-TAG FLEET seeks
ancestral home. Box BG1

MRS PEEL, we're neede

JAIME – I can see you,
me? Steve xxx

Do you *really* want to be a *Doctor Who* companion? The hours are long – linking cliffhangers mean you might get no rest at all between adventures – and the pay is, frankly, non-existent. And here's what the Doctor won't tell you: that, far from showing you the 'wonders of the universe', he'll drag you around its dingiest quarries to be captured, tied up, shot at and groped by a succession of rubber-clad alien fiends. Your purpose is to make him look good, whilst at the same time dragging him down. After all, the Doctor is a remarkable being: only by disappearing, blundering into peril or getting yourself hypnotised can you cause him enough grief to extend a simple mission into a full six-parter. Stamina is a must, and you need to be able to wear the most impractical clothing in all temperatures without turning blue. If you aren't put off yet, by all means go for it – but think long and hard. If, like a certain cardiologist from San Francisco, you end up just knocking about with the Doctor for an episode or so before kissing him goodbye and refusing to clamber aboard, then you'll have wasted everybody's time.

So, assuming you want to proceed, what will the Doctor be looking for? Well, he might claim to be an equal opportunities employer, but in truth he has shown a marked bias towards a specific demographic group. First and foremost, it is an advantage to be human. If you can't manage that, then at least you should be able to pass for one. You must be perfectly humanoid (exceptions made for mechanical applicants only, *pace* K9), and indications of an alien frame

"So, what's it all about, Doctor?" Jo (Katy Manning) quizzes her new boss (Jon Pertwee) in *Colony in Space*

The Doctor has experimented with clever companions, but he'd rather have someone by his side to whom he can show off

of reference are frowned upon. The same applies to residents of times other than the late 1900s. For some reason, the Doctor likes to imagine that Earthlings of this era will be able to identify with his companions' feelings. If you do happen to come from the planet Traken or from the 25th century, you must be able to discard all evidence of these origins from the start.

The Doctor accepts many more female companions than male. This is partly because the job involves much screaming and being helpless, and he's an old-fashioned kind of chap like that. He's also keen to maintain a gender balance in the TARDIS, so it's really only when he opens his doors to two or more companions that the boys stand a chance. Best bet for the aspiring male companion is to wait for the First or Second Doctor to vworp into your neighbourhood. Latterday regenerations have become more physical than their predecessors and are wont to take on the tasks of being overprotective, getting into stunt sequences and rescuing those damsels themselves, whereas once these had been the sole preserve of the male sidekick. To succeed as a bloke in today's TARDIS, you might have to abandon the masculine stereotype altogether and learn how to fall over and get tied up with the best of them . . .

The final important demographic factor is age. Opportunities for adults are few and far between, as the Doctor prefers to surround himself with naive teenagers. If you can be an orphan too, that would be ideal; the Doctor hates his companions to have ties of any sort, and he just loves to think of himself as a substitute parent. Not to worry if Mum, Dad or, indeed, any close relatives are still alive, though; like Nyssa's father and Tegan's aunt, they can be disposed of by the end of your debut story.

Of course, you will need to demonstrate that you have what it takes to embark upon a life of interplanetary adventure. The Doctor will be looking for many special qualities in his prospective employees. The first – and, in many ways, most important – of these is courage (describe yourself as 'plucky' on the application form and you're halfway there). Sure, you'll need the ability to deliver a piercing great scream from time to time – when confronted by ferocious beasts such as the Myrka and the Quarks, laughter is not an acceptable alternative – but neither will freezing up, fainting or soiling your pants do. You need to be alert, awake and hygienic or else you'll never get around to blundering into the next trap/acting stupidly defiant towards the guest villain/discovering that the monster has an unlikely aversion to high-pitched noises, as the plot requires. No matter how normal and frightened they pretend to be, the Doctor's companions are always phenomenally brave and can cope with situations that would turn the rest of us into gibbering wrecks. For example, they will often run from monsters with guns secure in the knowledge that the ensuing volley of blasts will miss them completely. This bravery must be coupled with peak physical fitness and, in particular, the ability to recover quickly and with no side-effects from being knocked unconscious. Have a medical professional check out your vocal chords and ankles before joining up. The former will be in for some considerable use, *pace* Victoria Waterfield; the latter must be flexible enough to twist at all inopportune moments without sustaining permanent damage, *pace* Susan, Romana and several more.

Love hurts: Captain Sorin (Tomek Bork) woos Ace (Sophie Aldred) in *The Curse of Fenric*

After the Doctor...

Once upon a time, a companion's departure from our TV screens meant that their lives were, to all intents, over. But in these days of *New Adventures* novels, comic strips, video-only spin-offs and the like, that's no longer the case . . . Warning: some 'spoilers'!

Susan contacted Gallifrey and had her godfather's brother, Terry, return her to England in the sixties, earning a certain amount of notoriety when the media reported her claim to have travelled in time and space. She had an unsuccessful marriage and gave birth to a daughter before becoming the EC Commissioner for Education (*Whatever Happened to Susan Foreman?*, Radio 4 drama)

Ian Chesterton and **Barbara Wright** suffered from time lag, or so the newspapers said. Ian, now deputy headmaster of Coal Hill School, forgot his travels with the Doctor altogether, whilst Barbara had a breakdown and became a virtual recluse in Wales (*Whatever Happened to Susan Foreman?*). Or, perhaps more plausibly, Ian went to work for NASA and the pair married and had a son, John (*The Face of the Enemy*, BBC Books), who might well grow up to be rock star Johnny Chess (hinted at in various Virgin *New Adventures*)

Dodo Chaplet left the TARDIS with a terminal sexually transmitted disease (*Missing Adventure The Man in the Velvet Mask*), but had the good fortune to be shot through the head before it could kill her (*Who Killed Kennedy?*, Virgin)

23 Deaths

ELIZABETH SHAW PhD Heroically, after ingesting fatal poison on the moon to save the life of a friend. She will be much missed by family and friends.

24 Wedding anniversaries

IAN AND BARBARA CHESTERTON Celebrating 30 years of happily married life, would like to thank all their friends for kind messages of affection. Special thanks to the Doctor, wherever and whenever he may be.

The Doctor hates companions to have relationships or ties of any sort, and thinks of himself as something of a substitute parent

That's not to say you should be too capable, especially in the brains department. The Doctor has experimented with clever companions, but on the whole he would rather have someone by his side to whom he can show off. As well as fancying himself a surrogate parent, he'd love to be your teacher. Some interest – and perhaps even a qualification – in any branch of science is desirable, but as a talking point only. When the Doctor mentions that he's reversing the polarity of the neutron flow, the correct response is not "I see, how interesting," but rather "Ooh, what does that mean, Doctor?" The upshot of this is that you may lie freely: you will rarely be called upon to exhibit any knowledge you do claim to have and, on the rare occasions that you are, you can tactfully change the subject by letting rip with a good scream. (One thing you should not display, however, is an immunity to hypnosis.)

You'll need the ability to make friends quickly. Supporting characters come and go, and you'll only have a few minutes to get to know each one. But get to know them you must, as they'll provide you with vital clues and even risk their lives for yours when the Doctor is elsewhere – so it goes without saying that you need to be instantly likeable. On rare occasions, you might be required to fall in love and, again, there won't be much time to think about it (note that 'love', in this instance, does not imply a sex drive). Remember, though, that many supporting characters are blown to smithereens within four episodes, so you must be capable of letting go, preferably within the space of a 30-second sequence. Not that you shouldn't be compassionate – you will often be called upon to display sorrow and anger at various injustices – but if you can be completely inured to deaths of any kind, and deaths of soldiers in particular, it would help your prospects a lot.

You should be insatiably curious – a trait which will manifest itself both in an endless stream of questions and in your penchant for wandering into dangerous places. Sometimes the Doctor will actually order you to stay put and, on these occasions, you absolutely must not take a blind bit of notice. In fact, obstinacy is a useful attribute all round. You might think it unwise to signal that you intend to argue fiercely with your employer every time he makes a hash of the co-ordinates, refuses to change history or burns the evening meal, but he enjoys it (though be wary if your Doctor is the Sixth – he might go too far). Also, if you can have a particular chip on your shoulder about feminist issues (it's called a 'modern attitude' and it's all to do with having those 20th century humans identify with you again), this is a bonus. The more times you can mention Women's Lib in your application the better, though of course you must not practice what you preach overmuch (Sarah Jane Smith being a prime example). Deliberately talking in a patrician Draconian Emperor's court, like Jo Grant in *Frontier in Space*, is about the right level of defiance; telling the Doctor that he's an overbearing patriarch whose exploits perpetuate sexist stereotypes is pushing it a bit. Male applicants: please note that you, on the other hand, should be unreconstructed chauvinist pigs, off whom these 'liberated women' can score points.

You might like to develop a complex and intriguing personality. Seemingly well aware of the appeal of 'textual depth', the Doctor is sometimes prone to taking on board an enigma or somebody with a fascinating history – cf Turlough, Ace. Be aware, though, that discussion of such things must be mostly limited to your first and (in rare cases) last story. In between, you will be able to display the myriad facets of your marvellous three-dimensional character in non-verbal ways only, as your vocabulary will have dwindled to a set of stock phrases like "I don't understand," "I will obey" and "This place is crawling with Daleks!" There simply isn't enough time to explore new worlds, discover new monsters, set up regular cliffhangers and give you some regular exposition too – at least, not without distracting from the Doctor's presence.

Fashion sense is a must-not. Ideally, you should wear something that looks like it might be considered cool in present-day London,

Jamie McCrimmon recovered the memories that were taken from him by the Time Lords, but became a bearded recluse when his countrymen disbelieved his wild tales of alien planets. His sanity and reputation was saved when he met up with the Sixth Doctor again, but he gave his life to defeat the Cybermen on Marinus (*The World Shapers*, **DWM** comic strip)

Victoria Waterfield had the misfortune to be brainwashed by the Great Intelligence, but at least she got a prestigious job as a university principal out of it (*Downtime*, MA)

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart continued in semi-active service and was reunited with his daughter, Kate (*Downtime*). He contracted terminal cancer, but was miraculously both cured and rejuvenated by alien forces (*Happy Endings*, NA)

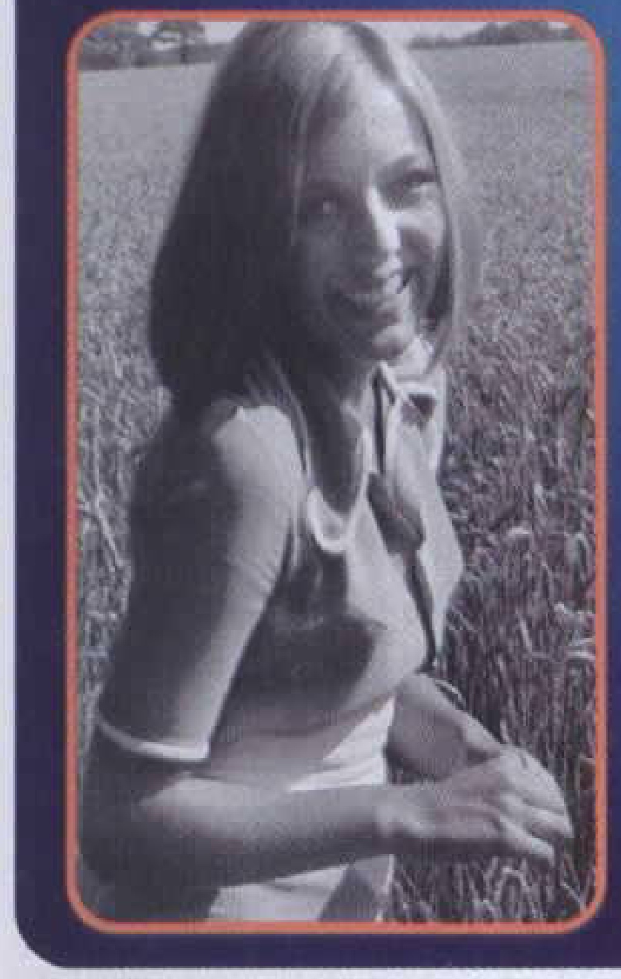
RSM Benton can't have had much luck as a second-hand car salesman, as he returned to the soldier's life (video drama *Wartime*, *Happy Endings*). However, a happy by-product of his short civilian career was that he gained a first name: John

Liz Shaw kept up her interest in all things alien and bizarre, and formed the investigative agency PROBE (various videos). But a chance meeting with Bernice Summerfield on the moon in 2003 catapulted her back into the Doctor's life and led to her ingesting a fatal poison and giving up the antidote to save Chris Cwej (*Eternity Weeps*, NA)

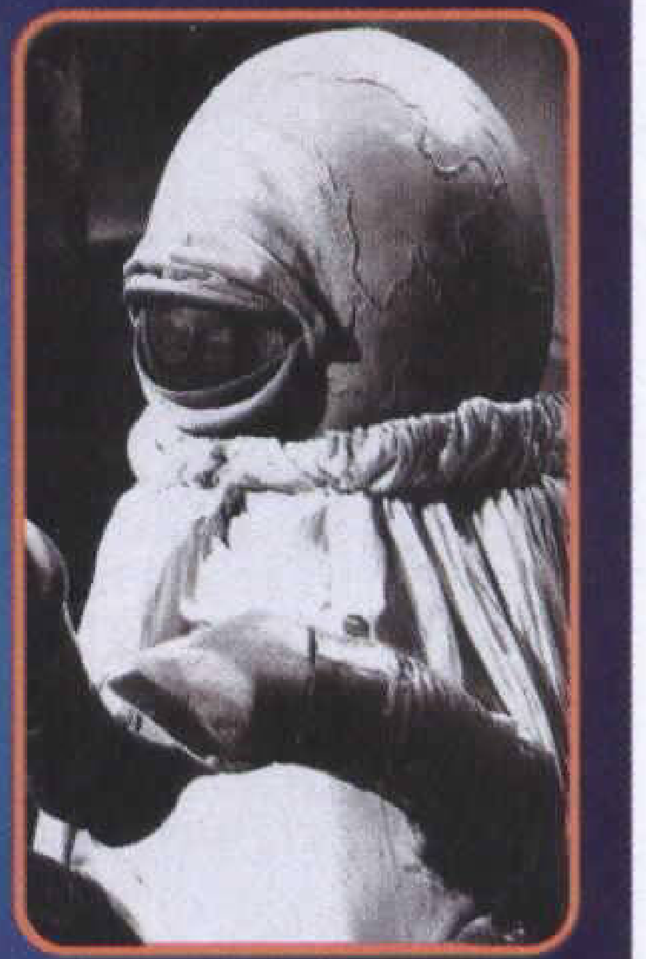
Jo Grant devoted her time to championing green causes, along with husband Cliff Jones, until he walked out on her and she ended up living ▶

A few applicants who didn't make the grade . . .

Isobel Watkins
The Invasion
A would-be photographer and definite fashion victim, she displayed all the right qualities. All she needed was for Daddy to be killed by Cybermen and she could have moved in. But the timing was wrong: Zoe was still new, and proving herself far prettier than a computer. Sometimes, you just don't get the luck



Alpha Centauri
The Curse of Peladon
Sounded female enough; was constantly scared and yet still had dignity; was stubborn and inquisitive . . . a perfect candidate on paper, but sadly broke a cardinal rule by accidentally resembling something a bit rude



Emelia Rumford
The Stones of Blood
Plucky, active, a confirmed Women's Libber, and made a mean sausage sandwich to boot. The only real factor against her was her age. If she'd put on a mini-skirt and said "cool" a few times, things might have been different

Grace Holloway
Doctor Who
Smart enough to have a doctorate, dumb enough to leave her needle in a corpse. Helpless to the point of being (temporarily) killed, but could assist by flinging herself at the TARDIS console and getting lucky. Perfect for the job, and yet turned it down. Silly cow

Herbert George Wells
Timelash
Appearing just when the Doctor was short of a useless male, he was curious, clueless and naive, but intellectual. Then he took the act too far, convinced the Doctor that he could never forget his origins and finally let slip that he was a famous historical figure with a documented life to return to. Big mistake.

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though in fact it looks appaling and, after a fortnight or so, horribly dated. It's a fine line to tread. And be warned: the Doctor sometimes makes his companions stick to whatever they were wearing when he first met them ('stick' being the operative word after a few hair-raising escapades in that old pair of rubber pyjamas). If you run into him on the beaches of Lanzarote, make sure you're not wearing something that will be entirely inappropriate to the frozen tombs of Telos . . .

It's also not a good idea to turn up wearing combat armour and carrying a big gun. The Doctor might be quite happy to team up with you for the duration, but he'll certainly disapprove of your attitude, which means – like Sara Kingdom – you'll probably die while performing some great heroic gesture on his behalf. Even if you avoid such a fate, he'll turn up his nose at the prospect of letting you into his TARDIS full-time, hypocritical though this may seem after he's accepted all your help – the UNIT boys and *Earthshock*'s Lieutenant Scott being cases in point. The exception to this will be if you encounter the *New Adventures* Doctor, but watch out: a career with him will invariably entail being maimed in every gruesome and painful manner imaginable. Still, if that's how you get your kicks . . .

It should be noted that the guidelines above are simply that, and that the Doctor does sometimes cast against type. However, if you're hoping to buck the odds and to enter the TARDIS as a 'unique' companion, you should consider the possible consequences. The Doctor once took on a gun-toting security agent with questionable morals (Sara again) and a Greek handmaiden from ancient times who thought he was a god (Katarina). They both died sudden and violent deaths. And one Liz Shaw, who made the mistake of showing herself to be his intellectual equal was packed off to Cambridge off-screen. If, at any point, you feel you're not fitting in, you'd be well advised to start uttering less words and more screams. By the time you've spent six or seven full episodes in bondage, the Doctor will have forgotten all about your fascinating past on the planet Dido or wherever, and you'll just be one of the girls.

You should also be aware that, no matter how well you embody the above qualities, there is still a large element of chance to the selection procedure. The Doctor would like us to believe that he takes on most of his companions at random and without much thought, but you never see him with more than three of them and rarely with less than one. The fact is, when you meet him, he'll either be looking for someone or he won't, and there's not much you can do about it. Still, like Ace, it is worth teaming up with an existing companion, dropping hints about how you have no life and nowhere to go, and seeing what you can do to set her/him up with a potential future spouse. You never know your luck.

There are other things to keep in mind when do take the plunge. Heroic gestures should be avoided. On the whole, they're not what you're there for and, though they do sometimes work, they're rarely necessary and there's a fair likelihood that, like Adric, you'll end up with your atoms spread across space as a result. Remember: any good you do accomplish is likely to be accidental, so don't go looking too hard for opportunities. However, you can make an exception for those occasions when a dastardly villain is threatening you with death unless the Doctor abandons his plans to save the world/the universe/himself. These are not causes for concern, but merely chances to exhibit the bravery that got you this gig. Like Jo in *The Daemons*, you should offer to sacrifice your life for the greater good, and then settle back and wait to be miraculously saved.

Try to agree some sort of a code word with the Doctor from the outset. This will help you both enormously when you meet android replicas, mental images and sundry doppelgangers of each other, as you inevitably will at some point. Failing this, make sure you look closely at those so-called Doctor doubles. Some look naff all like him whatsoever and can be weeded out by a cursory inspection. Be aware, too, of the effects of regeneration. If you haven't seen the Doctor for ages and then someone with two hearts turns up who knows your name and claims to be him, then he's probably telling the truth. However, if you saw him five minutes ago and you're suddenly confronted by an emaciated husk in a completely different costume who knows nothing about you whatsoever, then you have grounds for suspicion (*Mawdryn Undead*'s Nyssa and Tegan please note).

Scared? You should be . . . Peri (Nicola Bryant) cowers from a fearsome Cyber-chop. *Attack of the Cybermen*

> Companions are phenomenally brave and can cope with situations which would turn the rest of us into gibbering wrecks

Finally, it is advisable to plan the time and nature of your departure from the Doctor's company right away. It may seem premature, but failure to do this will result in him growing so sick of you that you will be summarily dumped in a wholly inappropriate locale. Past companions have been left on a planet of savages (Steven), with an intergalactic dodgy geezer in a freezer centre (Mel) and in Ancient Greece (Vicki). The Doctor has even been known to invent Gallifreyan laws just to get a companion or two off his hands (Sarah Jane Smith). Worse still, the crafty old devil could marry you off to someone from another species entirely, with whom you've only just held hands (cf Susan, Leela). He likes this option, as it can be made to symbolise your growing out of the need for his parental role.

A strong stomach helps: the Doctor (Tom Baker), Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) and a rotting Wirrn in *The Ark in Space*

One surefire way to avoid such fates is to keep making it clear that you have a job back on Earth. It may lessen your chances of being accepted in the first place, but the Doctor will eventually accept that your work is more important than his cosmic do-gooding and he will get you there on time (give or take a year or so). Keep in mind, too, that your exit is likely to be very sudden, and there'll be no time to pack. As a cautionary tale, remember the sailor who had to explain to his captain why, having last been seen in the Inferno nightclub with a young debutante, he returned to barracks without his uniform and unable to say where he'd left it. Think on: a little foresight can prevent embarrassment.

So, do you still want to be a *Doctor Who* companion? The position does have its advantages: bed and board come free (though the latter is somewhat limited) and the opportunities for foreign travel are unparalleled (no second language necessary).

Regular reunions take place in such exotic locations as Rassilon's Tower and Albert Square – and, while you shouldn't count on coming away with a big bag of gold dust, you might find just that a robot dog is for life, not just a Christmas special.

The Doctor has pledged to deal with all applications within the last 28 days, and successful candidates will be notified by telephone box. Shape-shifting, wise-cracking penguins need not apply. DWM

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with their son, Matthew, in a two-bedroomed house in Hackney (*Genocide*, BBC Books)

Mike Yates continued to work for UNIT as a double agent (NA *No Future*) and later took to wearing pink triangles and to making honey with a guy named Tom (*Happy Endings*)

Sarah Jane Smith remained in Croydon, received K9 Mark Three as a belated going-away gift from the Doctor (*K9 and Company*, TV special), continued her journalistic career (*Downtime*) and eventually turned her adventures with the Doctor into a series of 'science-fiction' novels and short stories (*Decalog 3*, short story collection)

Harry Sullivan worked on antidotes to nerve toxins for NATO once his attachment to UNIT ended. However, a brief transfer to weapons development led him into a thrilling James Bond-type adventure (*Harry Sullivan's War*, Target 'companions' novel), which must have given him a taste for a spy's life as he subsequently transferred to MI5 and rose to the heights of Assistant Chief of Staff (MA *System Shock*)

Leela lived happily ever after with Andred and K9 Mark One on Gallifrey, and broke the planet's curse by becoming the first woman to conceive there for millennia – as the Doctor had always intended (*Lungbarrow*, Virgin *NA*)

Romana returned to Gallifrey and became Lady President of the Time Lords leading the world into a new, pro-active period of celestial intervention (various *New Adventures*) – or did she? (*The Eight Doctors*, BBC Books)

Turlough returned to his hereditary role as a Clansman of Trion where he developed his own kind of home-made TARDIS, and became a hero to the planet when – with the aid of a Time Lord known as the Magician – he prevented a return to power by the villainous dictator Rechtaht (*Turlough and the Earthlink Dilemma*, Target 'companions' novel)

Peri Brown is the subject of conflicting reports. She may have returned to Earth with Yrcanos and set him up as an all-in wrestler with herself as his manager (*Mindwarp*, novelisation). Or perhaps they went to Kr'on Tep, where Peri immersed herself in an alien culture (*The Age of Chaos*, Marvel graphic novel) until, after 25 years of ruling over seven star systems, she fled from her domineering husband and loveless marriage and found her way back to late 20th century Earth alone, where she met up with the Seventh Doctor (NA *Bad Therapy*)

Mel Bush ran away from Glitz but found herself stranded on the resort planet Avalone for several years. Though the Seventh Doctor rescued her from this fate, she realised that she no longer agreed with his methods and she stormed out of the TARDIS for good (NA *Head Games*)

Ace finally found a surname – McShane – but only after training for several years to become a hardened space bitch. After a long series of adventures with the Seventh Doctor, where the two finally developed a lasting respect for one another, she left him to become a time-travelling trouble-shooter with a base in 17th century France (NAs *ad nauseum*, from a seed planted in *The Curse of Fenric*, novelisation). Oh, except long before all that she blew herself up while attempting to save Earth from a race of giant fleas (*Ground Zero*, **DWM** comic strip)

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Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

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Our decision in **DWM** *259 to end* Shelf Life*'s reviews of the Bernice* New Adventures *prompted our largest mailbag since last year's great 'drop the diamond logo?' debate . . .*

FOR . . .

As someone else once put it, *NA* stands for Non Applicable. In other words, for what it's worth, I am in favour of the Benny reviews being dropped.

Paul Beardsley
via e-mail

AGAINST . . .

I find myself in agreement with AS Woods regarding reviews of the *New Adventures*. I only read about 20 *Doctor Who* books a year, and so I am rather reliant on reviews to give me an idea as to which ones to avoid and which ones are worth buying. While I agree with the sentiment that Virgin kept the series going during the dark days of the early nineties (along with your magazine), I can't help feeling that this is a poor reason for continuing reviews . . . if Virgin had decided to start a series of completely unrelated novels I wouldn't expect you to review them (and neither would you).

However, the *New Adventures* are not unrelated. Over the last few years I have come to enjoy Benny Summerfield's adventures with the Doctor, to the extent that, for me, she is by far the best companion to ever have graced the series in any form (followed closely by the original Ace, rather than the Dalek-killer person she became in the books). So now she has branched out on her own and I want to be part of that (if the books are good, anyway). I guess it comes down to whether or not you consider the *Doctor Who New Adventures* canonical (and thus the Benny *New Adventures*). But if this question is relevant, then so is the question of the canonicity of the BBC books and some of the spin-off videos such as PROBE.

THE NEW ADVENTURES
NA
SHIP OF FOOLS
DAVE STONE

In fact, the latest *New Adventure* is supposed to feature an Ogron – does that or does that not make it part of the *Doctor Who* universe? As to the fact that there are only a few days in which to read and review the books, I sympathise – forcing someone to do that is surely a human rights issue! In actual fact these reviews are often so far in advance of the books that I have to reread them to remind myself what Dave Owen has said. I would rather have a late review than none at all!

BBC'S NIGHTMARE FARE

I was delighted to read that one of *Doctor Who*'s lighter, fun stories, *Nightmare of Eden*, is to be released on video come 1999. I'd like to make a plea in favour of all the 'lesser or 'lighter' stories being released. I think we might be surprised how popular these would be now. We've already had many of the serious 'blockbuster' stories (*Genesis of the Daleks, The Talons of Weng-Chiang*) and I've come to realise that the more comedic, sillier stories do actually complement and balance the darker, grittier ones. TV comedy series in the nineties are arguably more popular than they were in say, the late seventies, judging by the healthy sales of comedy videos nowadays. The 'dafter' *Who* stories like *The Horns of Nimon* and *The Creature From the Pit* aren't just silly – they are also huge fun, in large part thanks to Tom Baker's light-hearted approach at the time. So, 'lighter' stories that keen fans might have loathed at the time of first broadcast (purely because they weren't the more dramatic serials) may very well go down a bomb nowadays. After the latterday delights of *Fawlty Towers, Blackadder* and *Mr Bean*, Tom Baker's off-beat humour – and the matching scripts – really do make these Graham Williams-produced serials come alive. Especially in hindsight. So, let's please be having video releases of *The Invisible Enemy, The Sun Makers, Underworld, The Invasion of Time, The Creature From the Pit, The Horns of Nimon, Meglos . . .*

Doctor Who was never meant to be deadly serious all the time, but just as often endearing fun.

Sean Gibbons
Cresslough, Co Donegal

On a related note, how about a feature looking at the companions of the Eighth Doctor in the forms of Stacy and the Ice Warrior (whose name I can't remember) from the *Radio Times* comic strips, Izzy from your own magazine and Sam from the BBC books?

Wayne Burchell
Chelmsford, Essex

With regard to your decision to drop the *New Adventures* from *Shelf Life* – don't!

The characters of the *NAs* were the Doctor's companions – why should their post-Doctor adventures be ignored when the adventures of the Brigadier, Sarah-Jane, Victoria, K9, the Great Intelligence, the Sontarans and the Autons are thrust into the limelight? Besides, would you like to have to explain to Bernice why you'd dropped her from your pages?

Martin Harris
via e-mail

Your reply to AS Woods' letter concerning your coverage of the Virgin *NAs* [*Timelines*, **DWM** 259] unfortunately typifies **DWM**'s current attitude towards *Doctor Who* in books. My main gripe with your attitude stems from the phrase: "We don't believe that they [the Doctor-less *New Adventures*] have enough connection to television *Doctor Who*." From what I understand, Virgin acquired a licence from the BBC to produce new *Doctor Who* stories, and introduced Benny Summerfield as a companion. Therefore, a series of adventures featuring Benny can be considered no less a spin-off from *Doctor Who* than a K9 series or an Auton video – just look at where they are shelved in your average bookshop.

Leon Hewitt
Levenshulme, Manchester

I think **DWM** should continue to review the *NAs* as long as they continue to be published. If you are to narrow your focus only to stories in which the Doctor appears , then that's *The Face Of The Enemy* – a book which I am particularly looking forward to – right out. If it is only 'licenced' products you're after, that's at least half of the items in this issue's *Shelf Life* gone. If one limits oneself to TV stories, that eventually becomes like walking in an diminishing cul-de-sac.

If your tradition dictates only one reviewer, there's a simple solution. Change your tradition. Not enough room in *Shelf Life*? Expand it. You know it's a popular feature – it came in second in your *Readers' survey*. Surely *Shelf Life* would be better served by more pages than something like *Bad boys inc* (tedious, pompous, and in vast need of editing down. However, at least it wasn't a multi-parter like other such articles).

Only one other magazine that I know of reviews *NAs* regularly, and your reviews were superior. Their removal does a disservice to an important segment of fandom, and gives me personally one less reason to buy **DWM** every month.

On the whole, this issue didn't have the 'tingle factor' of the last two. I hope Stephen Cole (whose article I did enjoy) will commission Matt Sanders and especially Christopher H Bidmead to write their untelevised adventures as past Doctor books. New Bidmead *Who* stories are a thing to be devoutly wished for . . .

Ben Varkentine
via e-mail

Okay, we got it wrong. Reviews of Deadfall *through to* Tempest *appear in this issue's* Shelf Life, *in which the Bernice novels will continue to be assessed – albeit not necessarily every single month . . .*

The Clone Zone

"Po Koota!"
Cuddly Tellytubby Po

"Destroy them all!"
An evil alien Voord

RETRO DALEKS

In **DWM** 259, Paul Beardsley completely missed the reason why *War of the Daleks* is such a waste of time, space and paper.

I have no problem with rewriting continuity – the epic plot to explain Skaro's survival is clever, if a bit silly. My problem is with writer John Peel's interpretation of the Daleks.

In *War*, the Daleks are reverted to the cheesy dustbins of the *TV21* comic strips. They think cliché, they talk cliché and they even have a clichéd civil war! John's wholesale cannibalisation of every Terry Nation story results in a book that is dry, dull and totally unoriginal. He even sticks in the *TV21* Emperor! This isn't clever reinterpretation, this is retrogression.

The resurrection of Skaro represent's John's opinion of *Remembrance of the Daleks*. The only Dalek story to represent them as the galactic Nazis they are supposed to be is dismissed in a few throwaway lines.

If *Doctor Who* is to return and be a success it needs to reinterpret elements from its past, just as Seasons Twenty-Five and Twenty-Six did. The alternative is simply to wallow in nostalgia and remake old classics. This, the easiest and most unimaginative route, is epitomised by *War of the Daleks*.

Greg R Yeates
Ipswich, Suffolk

BODIES POLITIC

I have just finished reading *Alien Bodies*, which I believe to be one of the most exhilarating *Doctor Who* books written.

Never has a book made me feel this way. There are so many unanswered questions at the end of the book that if Lawrence Miles doesn't write a sequel I and many others shall be utterly disappointed.

The book was inspiring and completely enthralling! Never have such a bunch of different characters gelled together like they did in this. There are so many new elements to the *Doctor Who* mythos, like the Faction Paradox – let's see more, please. The future war of Gallifrey and the Celestis were all totally astounding elements.

But I must say how surprised I was to read the BBC letting a major character be killed, albeit in the future. I never expected this . . .

Damian Jeremiah
via e-mail

JELLY BABY ALERT!

I have just read Paul Leonard's book, *Genocide*, and I was horrified to see the Doctor forcing jelly babies upon Sam, a vegetarian. Doesn't she know that those horrible little things are full of gelatine – all horrible bits of cows? Another good thing for us veggies to frighten you meat eaters with is how they make pork pies, but that's another story . . .

Is Sam going to be one of those characters that says, 'Oh yes, I'm a vegetarian, but I eat fish' – and then finally gets round to admitting that she does eat white meat every second Saturday of the month, but that doesn't really count?

One question: having just got a couple of jelly babies from Tom Baker's book signing (OK, he may not have offered them personally, or touched them, or seen them, but they are still 'his'), does anybody know the best way to preserve them for the next 50 years – or am I just being a desperately sad fan?

Steven Swinburn
via e-mail

MS JONES AND UNCLE SAM

Frankly, it takes an arm and a leg to get hold of any of the new BBC books featuring the Eighth Doctor and Samantha Jones in the United States, barring a round-trip ticket to the ruins of Longleat or a sci-fi convention table. And I gotta say, Lance Parkin's wonderful job on *The Dying Days* has left me, and I suppose thousands of others out of literary reach, clamouring for more info concerning the new Doctor and his companion. And I think **DWM** could help out in this instance . . .

So far, all the reviews of the new Eighth Doctor novels really don't reveal too much about the Doctor and Sam, or how their characters are growing. What few tidbits appear do so in nothing more than a sentence. I for one would love to see **DWM** do a profile of the new Doctor and Sam, giving the rest of us some idea of exactly who these recent figures in the Whovian universe are! Thank God for the comic strip Doctor and Izzy – both are fantastic for their portrayals and Doctor/companion chemistry (although, at the point I write this, *Tooth and Claw* is nearing its conclusion and quite honestly the storyline really needs a few more drafts and rewrites. The pace races through the scenes rather than to each individual scene, not allowing the story to make sense while gathering momentum for the climax . . .) So, how's about a character spread on these ambiguous figures for those of us outside of the BBC's literary circle?

Joe M Curreri
Milford, PA, USA

Both Joe and Wayne Burchell above will be pleased to learn that a special feature comparing and contrasting all the various manifestations of the Eighth Doctor and assorted companions in all media is indeed in the works for later this year . . .

Samantha Jones: dietary concerns

The Web Planet

Dave Owen's occasional look at the world of *Doctor Who* on-line . . .

- One end of the spectrum of creative activity by *Doctor Who* enthusiasts is the self-styled Restoration Team's efforts at salvaging unreleasable vintage stories. Readers who enjoyed the piece on the restoration of *The War Machines* for video release [in **DWM** 253] will find beautifully-presented details of that process and more on *The Restoration Team Home Page* at **http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/steveroberts/restorat.htm**. For a detailed look at the raw material they have to work with, *The Doctor Who Video and Audio FAQ* at **http://freespace.virgin.net/dominic.jackson/coi/audio-video-faq.html** page is also highly recommended.

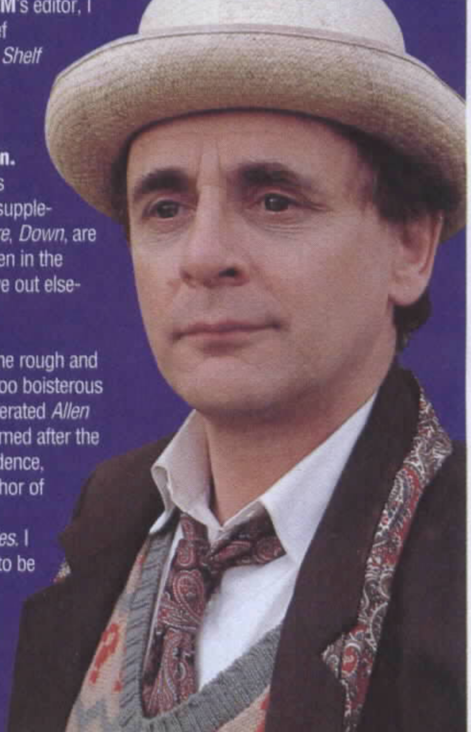
- At the other extreme comes creating original *Doctor Who* stories from scratch; the *New Adventures* have been celebrated at **http://modjadji.anu.edu.au/broadsword/index.html** – the home page of Australian fanzine *Broadsword*, where you'll find some *Preludes* to *New Adventures* that didn't make it into **DWM**, and much more besides.

- It's not just fans of *Doctor Who* who demonstrate their creativity on the World Wide Web, but its stars as well. If you enjoyed Yee Jee Tso's performance as Chang Lee in the TV Movie, then do investigate his downloadable music files at his own home page, at **http://www.ultranet.ca/eg/**.

- Although **http://www.users.globalnet.co.uk/~mimrie/dalek/daleka.htm** still claims to be under construction, the three-dimensional renditions of every kind of Dalek seen on screen seems convincingly complete amid the gunmetal and rivets at the *Dalek 3D Resource Web Home*. It's great fun.

- With the blessing of **DWM**'s editor, I have thrown together a brief anthology of early drafts of *Shelf Life* columns and unedited interviews for **DWM** at *Shelf Life On Line* (**http://www.meglos.demon.co.uk**). Lawrence Miles has kindly pointed out that the supplements to his *New Adventure, Down*, are viewable at the address given in the book, and not the one I gave out elsewhere . . .

- Usenet readers finding the rough and tumble of **rec.arts.drwho** too boisterous may find solace in the moderated *Allen Road* mailing list. That's named after the Seventh Doctor's Kent residence, and not, I presume, the author of *1982's Doctor Who – The Making of a Television Series*. I have found the discussion to be of the highest calibre. Details on **http://www.ocs.mq.edu.au/~korman/drwhoetc/allenrd.html**



The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

Mamma mia! The party season's in full swing. Dare Jackie take a chance on the giant Womble?

Christmas Eve

8.30pm (pub) Arrive to discover Nigel's mate James contesting the merits of *Tiswas* with Chas, who's taken the floor on behalf of Noel Edmonds, championing *Swap Shop* "because often they'd interview *Doctor Who* celebrities, and Mat Irvine." True, I thought – but while being educated by a coolly-sophisticated phone-in with Mary Tamm, Chas was missing the commercial delights of a semi-naked Seventh Doctor pouring cold baked beans down his underpants.

Christmas cards dealt, James resumes with: "So, did *Doctor Who* do a Christmas story?" Specifically, he asks, has the Doctor ever met Jesus?

About to suggest that Matthew Jacobs clearly thought that the Doctor was Jesus when Chas embarks on a flight of fancy which concluded with the most ridiculous theory I'd heard since the claim that the tin chosen for the Dalek box set has the ability to erase the videos kept within it.

He begins plausibly, implying that seeing as stories like *The Myth Makers* and *The Romans* got made, a stylised Nativity might have been feasibile. Then, he proclaims, if *The Feast of Steven* existed, it would undoubtedly be watched on or around the 25 December just as *An Unearthly Child* receives its annual viewing around 23 November.

All's well until James mistakenly wonders what it was like. Both Chas and I tumble into an exhilarating, exaggerated re-telling of the lost classic; Chas illustrates the CID's hilarious interrogation of the Doctor, whereas I, tripping through scenes like Pertwee through syllables, detail the TARDIS crew's comic trail of destruction amidst the backlots of twenties Hollywood. We finish guilty, knowing any eavesdropper would presume we'd actually seen the thing, but expectant.

"Sounds crap," said James.

Chas, almost expiring in a choking fit, coughs himself back into conversation, demonstrating a loose grasp of what he purports to be factual science.

He expresses a theory, heard or read somewhere, that television transmissions, like radio waves, never die – they simply travel further and further into space. This being the case, the missing episodes aren't missing at all, merely out of reach. All that's needed is the appropriate funding and technology to zip yourself to some far corner of the galaxy armed with a VCR, blank tapes and a decent aerial, and snatch them back. Of course, timing of such expeditions would be crucial to avoid the crushing disappointment of a succession of obsessive fanboys being blasted into the cosmos, only to return with a fuzzy *Coronation Street* and a couple of *Jason Kings*.

I speculate that television's head start may explain the lack of alien response to any official invitation to communicate – their silence indicates gross offence at their continued misrepresentation in the 'new' Troughton episodes. Or conversely, inspired by the format, they regularly run *Attack of the Earthmen* serials on Saturday evenings – but fear getting in touch in case they get collared for copyright by BBC Worldwide.

9pm Nigel's arrival with Nicky Parrot signals the cue for presents and paranoia. Have I given the right toy to the right boy? Chas' delight initially convinces – until a sideways glance from Vervoid to Nigel's K1 Robot produces a pout that says 'more bits on yours'.

10pm Nicky's been talking at me, clawing at me; she's excessively tactile, and my left arm's practically swollen with bruises. Shrilly, she screams praise at my footwear, then at Peter Andre. It was during a description of the furball her cat had just puked up that my appetite for her so diminished that I deeply yearned to be back in Chas' conversation, discussing the likely drop in picture quality as *Marco Polo* orbited Neptune.

New Year's Eve

7.30pm For 15 minutes we'd waited – myself and the Elephant Man (Chas, beneath pillowcase and coat, a costume none of us were sure was tasteful or not) – but Nigel's 'Disco Glamour Clinic' door remained firmly closed. Despite reminding him of the Fancy Dress Party's imminence, that James and Nicky'd be waiting, he had, he complained, hair to mousse, Aramis to apply, toenails to clip. We would see him there.

8.15pm (party) Unaware Nigel's been suggesting the Abba outfit to all. Nicky's an Agnetha, too – when it's clear at heart she's a Frida.

8.45pm The gentle 'diddley-dumming' had caused me to wonder momentarily whether my favourite theme had taken up permanent residence in my middle ear. Turning, I'm suddenly reacquainted with a giant Womble – recognisable, despite fur and yellow coned nose, as someone with whom I once shared lectures on the merits of the Bard.

"Jackie Jenkins. You used to draw Daleks on my college folders."

Finally facing my Waterloo, I acknowledge that I did. Removing his snout, Patrick Holland proceeded to recall further book-defacings and conversations that I, witness to how the intervening years and a change of haircut had favoured him, would at this precise moment prefer left unsaid.

"In fact," he adds, "I can't hear the *Doctor Who* theme any more without thinking of you."

Dammit! This reoccurs with woeful regularity. Why can't people remember me for *me*? Has a diamond logo been placed at the top of my head which, although invisible to me, reveals itself in other peoples' photographs like the fatal slashes through David Warner's *Omen* snaps?

My burgeoning Adonis, persisting to reminisce, asks whether I'm still a fan. I waver, wondering if Jacobs was right about the Jesus thing, finding myself a miscast Swedish Euro-winning disciple on the verge of denial. Nevertheless, with gathered confidence, I concede that I am – adding, by way of validation, that "I still get my *Monthlys*."

There followed an awkward silence during which I never wished so hard that the magazine had kept its *Weekly* title. I blame this catastrophic *faux pas* on Chas, Nigel and everyone else who perpetually refers to **DWM** by a title abandoned over a decade ago. Furthermore, I shall hold them personally responsible if Patrick, wearing a face of acute embarrassment at my apparent over-familiarity, now Wombles away to some safer company.

"Do you do those conventions?"

"Yes," I gasp, backpedalling from the crisis, but in reassuring him that we don't all dress in scarves, I'm horrified to spy the arrival of Nigel who, framing himself in the doorway, moussed, clipped, scented, frilled and caped, raises his arms in glorious self-appraisal:

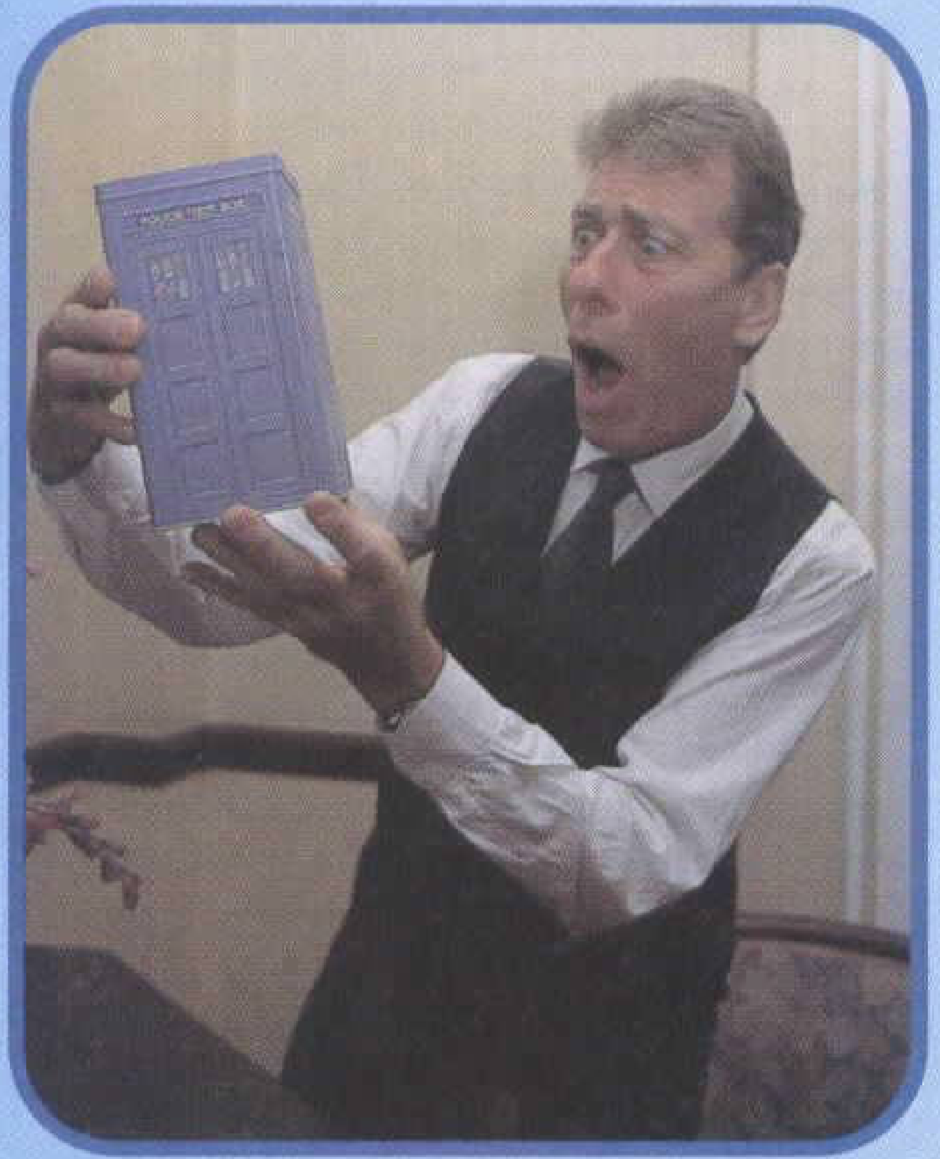
"I am the Doctor!"

My heart ceased its descent near ankle level.

Out of the Tardis

John Levene

Nightmare snakes, Mexican hallucinogens and the power of love: when *Doctor Who*'s erstwhile Sergeant Benton subjected himself to the random ravages of the TARDIS tin, he revealed more of himself than we would ever have expected . . .



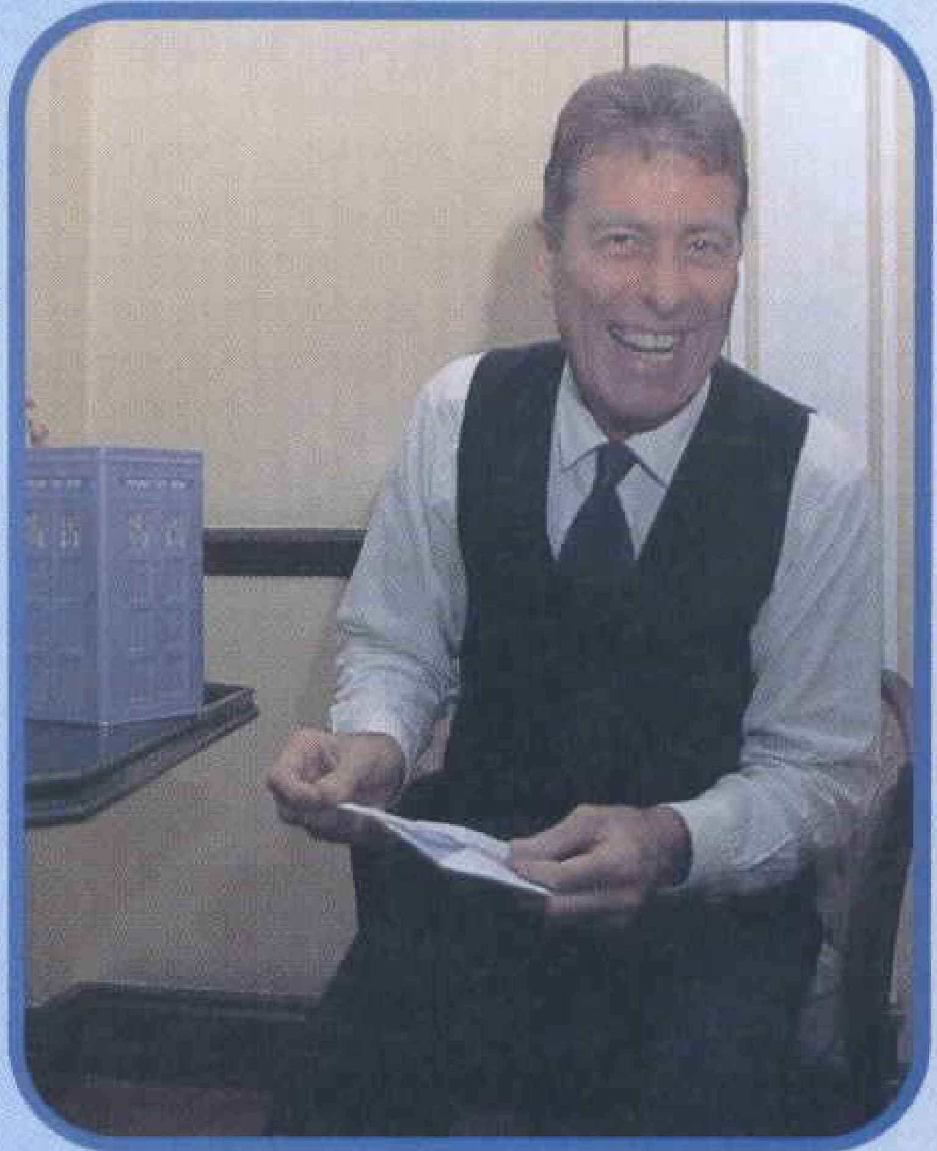
Did your first date live up to your expectations?
Yes, absolutely. I was surprised to have a date at all, actually, but I didn't realise the opposite sex could be such gorgeous company. My expectations weren't much – all I wanted to do was kiss her. I'm one of those chaps to whom sex isn't everything. I kissed her, and it was as wonderful as I'd ever expected a woman's kiss to be. I often say to my wife now, "I'd rather have your kiss than a million dollars!" Naturally, I'd like a million dollars too, but one kiss from my wife Jenny and I can hear the fluttering of angels wings. Every second I'm with her my life just gets better and better.

Who was the most fanciable person you worked on Doctor Who with?
Well, although I would never countenance a physical relationship with her, I'd say Katy Manning, because of her bubbliness, her refusal to be dull and boring, and her sheer delight at being in *Doctor Who*. It was her personality, not her body that I fancied. Too many people desired Katy on a physical level, but I've always thought that pure love is better than sex.

What is your greatest unfulfilled ambition?
Well, I would love to have been a singer of a great song, and to that end over the past three years I've been learning to sing. I have this wonderful woman who teaches me, and I have to be honest and say that with my deep voice and her country voice, the harmonies and music we create are the very dream I dreamed of.

What is the most sensitive part of your anatomy?
The inside of my ear. I damaged it quite badly years ago to the extent where it bled very badly, and it's still very sensitive.

What is/are your middle names?
When I first met my gorgeous wife Jennifer I had been on my own for ten years. I went up and said "Hello, my name is John," and she told me her name. "Oh, two Js, that's nice," I thought. Now, this is so amazing I still can't quite believe it. About a week later I said, "What's your last name, I want to write to you," and she said, "Jennifer Wegner." I couldn't believe it. "My name is Woods," I said, "John Woods" – which is my real name. "That's JW twice over!" And then, even more amazingly – and this is why I believe God is the most powerful thing on earth – about four months later I happened to be penning a bit for the book I'm writing at the moment, and she saw what I was doing and said that her middle name is Anne. Astonishing, because mine is Anthony – JAW twice! And now of course she's thrilled to have the name Jennifer Anne Woods.



What is the rudest thing a fan has said to you?
A woman in America, very ill in a wheelchair, accused me of saying something that I didn't. "I've never been so insulted! I don't like your Englishness, you have a bad mouth and I don't like the fact that you tell the truth, and I'm never coming to another *Doctor Who* convention again because of you," she said . . . So I said, "Well, darling, you either go and see your psychiatrist, or you check your own thinking, because I didn't say what you thought. So take your frustration and animosity and get out of this room." To thine own self be true – never a truer word spoken.

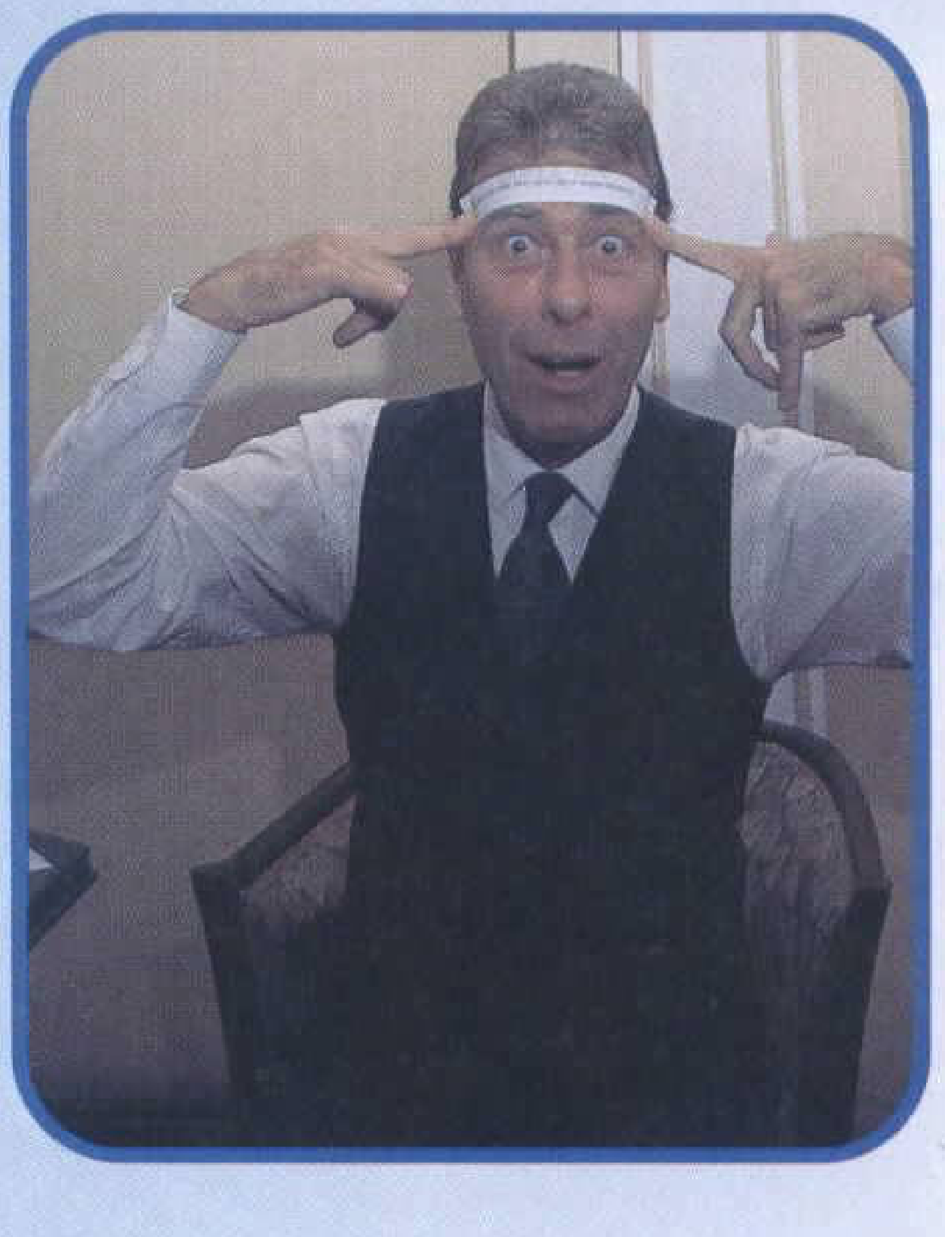
What is the nicest thing a fan has said to you?
It was today, ironically. A man came up to me and said, "I never knew honesty could be so loud. I've always loved your character because you made me feel normal and real." I'm lucky enough to have played a character who is often praised, and I was so touched I felt a little bit tearful, actually.

What do you think has been your most life-changing decision?
More of an experience, really. I passed out in the Amazon basin, having unwittingly contracted tuberculosis, and when I woke up I realised that once again I'd heard the fluttering of angels' wings – something my father told me all sailors hear when they drown. I realised then that I loved life but I was prepared to let it go.

Sean Connery or Roger Moore?
Sean Connery. Roger Moore was crap . . .

Who was the last person to send you flowers?
My wife, Jennifer. I didn't want to get married originally, having been soured from my first marriage and thinking that marriage can be one of the most destructive things in the world, but I never realised love can be so powerful. I'd never been in love before this – I can't find the words to explain what this woman has done for me. *(Have to stop the tape momentarily as John gets quite emotional)* Anyway, Jennifer sent me flowers to thank me for saving her life, because she had been suicidal after dreadful experiences when she was growing up. She was very misunderstood and treated very badly.

In which one of the seven deadly sins do you indulge most often: anger, sloth, gluttony, covetousness, envy, pride or lust?
Never sloth, I'm not that kind of person. Gluttony is my worst enemy – I despise people who abuse food and I have a dead anger against obesity. Covetousness, never. Envy – only mild bouts, based on that gentle feeling of "Oh, I wish I could do that." Pride – yes, I think so. I don't suffer fools gladly. Lust – never got involved with that. That's the very opposite of what I dream of, which is the delicate all-pervading love of a woman. So, generally I'd say diluted envy.



Have you ever woken up not knowing where you were?
Oh, God, yes! In Mexico City after I left the Amazon Basin I took some *peyote*, which is a very strong drug they take out there, which you eat and then vomit and then get an amazing high. Well, I didn't get the high, I just passed out, and when I woke up everyone else had gone and I was alone in this big desert region. Talk about blind panic!

Would you appear nude on TV, film or stage?
Absolutely not. 20 years ago, when I was a big name, I was offered a movie role playing a sexy cat-burglar who had to rape four women. I turned it down.

Who is your guru?
A man named Ron Smith whom I worked with at the age of 18 when I was a shy, nervous, embarrassed young man. He took me under his wing and taught me to face the world with words of twisted wisdom. He taught me to ignore the barrage of angry words and the flying fists of fury, and to see between the caverns of lies and deceit that the average man in business or politics will throw at you. He's my guru because he taught me to circumnavigate all of these things, which I did.

Have you ever stolen anything?
Yes. When I was working as a tally man when I was very young, selling rugs and carpets around southern England, I used to nick 20 cigarettes from the man at the garage who used to put petrol in the van. But the truth is, three years after that, one day when he went out to put the petrol in I put five times the money I would have spent on cigarettes in his till, and walked away feeling guiltless.

Have you ever cheated in an exam?
I tried to cheat on my GCE 'O' level. I tried to write on my hand the details of a subject I wasn't very good at, but it didn't work very well and I thought someone would see it, so in the end I didn't. My honesty prevailed.

Do you believe in reincarnation?
All I know is, I was born dead, in 1941, and they brought me back to life. I was breached at birth. The doctor picked me up and shook me. I was also jaundiced, and bruised because of all the trouble they had getting me out. My mother said it was a horrifying sight.

What is the most ferocious argument you've had and who was it with?
With a child psychologist and my ex-wife, over my young son. My son turned out to be an absolute terror, and I can admit here and now that I grew to hate him because of the damage he did to my family. We took him to a child psychologist, and it turned into a pure case of me never understanding my wife and her never understanding me, and neither of us understanding my son. The whole thing blew up, and all I remember is shouting at this psychiatrist and saying "Have you been married?" and he said "No," and I said, "Then what the hell are you doing questioning me about children?" That was 20 years ago, though, and now I'm in love with my son because I've come to terms with the way he is. We have a lot of mutual admiration for each other but we recognise that the past was one horrendous time. But love does conquer evil in the end.

Do you have a recurring nightmare?
Yes. It stems from when I was really ill at the age of 11. I dream there's a giant snake coming up from the bottom of the bed.

What was the most memorable thing written about you on a school report?
That I was too sensitive. They said sensitivity would ruin my life and in many ways they were right. I think the quote was something like, "The sensitivity of this child means there is the *possibility* of greatness, but . . ."

DWM

Interview **Paul Vyse** Photographs **Robin Prichard [4]**

Arc of Infinity

Doctor Who's 20th year began with an adventure which reprised its tenth anniversary celebrations. Andrew Pixley uncovers the behind-the-scenes tale of villain Omega's return . . .

Renegade reborn: Omega (Peter Davison) wears the body of the Doctor

PART ONE

Gallifrey. A Time Lord has a covert meeting with the image of a robed figure; the Doctor has been "selected". Two Time Lord technicians detect the treasonous transmission of the Doctor's bio pattern – something only a member of the High Council could do. A technician, Talor, is then shot dead . . .

The Doctor and Nyssa repair the TARDIS when the ship changes course for a source of magnetic radiation – the Arc of Infinity. Something extra-dimensional materialises in the TARDIS, and Nyssa sees the robed figure image bonding with the Doctor. The Doctor recovers, realising that someone on Gallifrey must have assisted the alien.

Two youths, Robin Stuart and Colin Frazer, are holidaying in present-day Amsterdam. Robin persuades Colin that the best place to spend the night is a crypt. That night, a strange noise wakes Colin and he finds a new tomb which opens to reveal a bizarre creature. The creature fires a weapon and Colin vanishes; Robin escapes. At dawn, Robin returns to find Colin stumbling about like a zombie. At their youth hostel, Robin takes a message for Colin: his cousin will meet him at Schipol Airport.

On Gallifrey, the Lord President consults the Matrix and confirms that an anti-matter creature has bonded with the Doctor. The Castellan and Commander Maxil investigate Talor's death with the help of another technician, Damon, who is ordered to recall the TARDIS to Gallifrey. The Doctor and Nyssa find themselves held in a security compound, but Damon releases them from his computer room. Their freedom is short lived; the pair run into Maxil – who raises his stasar and shoots down the Doctor . . .

PART TWO

The Doctor is only stunned and, with Nyssa, is returned to the TARDIS under guard; the ship is disabled by Maxil. Taken before the High Council, the Doctor renews acquaintances with his old friend Councillor Hedin and learns that the Lord President is a regenerated Borusa. Reluctantly, they decide to destroy the Doctor to prevent the anti-matter creature crossing into the universe of matter. Nyssa and the Doctor point out that there has to be traitor at work on Gallifrey. While being escorted back to the compound, the Doctor is passed a printout by his old friend, Damon.

At Schipol Airport, Robin meets Colin's cousin, Tegan Jovanka. He tells her what has happened to Colin, unaware that Colin is working for the robed figure and the creature in a TARDIS control room. The police are uninterested in tracing Colin, so Tegan determines that she and Robin will investigate the crypt.

As the Doctor's termination is being arranged, Damon introduces himself to Nyssa. The obstructive Castellan refuses to let them see the Doctor; they ask Hedin to intervene. Damon's evidence hints that Gallifrey could lose control of the space/time Matrix; the Doctor asks Damon to procure him a space-time element to reactivate the TARDIS. Elsewhere, the Time Lord traitor informs the robed figure that the Doctor's termination is as planned. Nyssa attempts to stop the termination at gunpoint, but the Doctor accepts his fate. Maxil operates the equipment, and just as the Doctor fades from existence, the robed figure is glimpsed. Maxil announces that: "Judgement has been carried out, Lord President."

PART THREE

Borusa confirms that the creature has been expelled. The Doctor finds himself in the Matrix with the robed figure looming over him; this nemesis explains that the Doctor is kept alive in the termination area, shielded by an energy barrier. The masked figure says that the Doctor knows him.

Maxil and the Castellan discover that the termination was sabotaged and interrogate Nyssa and Damon. The evidence uncovered shows that the Lord President's codes were used to transmit the bio-extract; Borusa must be in league with the creature which is trying to shift the Arc of Infinity into the Matrix.

In the crypt, Robin and Tegan see Colin at work, but both are captured by the strange creature, the Ergon, and held prisoner in the masked figure's TARDIS. The figure realises that Tegan is known to the Doctor and enters the Matrix; it will release the Doctor, but if the Doctor interferes with its transference to this dimension then Tegan dies.

Released, the Doctor meets up with Nyssa and Damon and learns that a fusion booster element has recently been transported, again authorised by Borusa. The Doctor and Nyssa reach Borusa to find him held at gunpoint by Hedin; Hedin is the figure's ally, and needs the Matrix isolated. Before the Castellan enters and shoots Hedin – who is shielding the Doctor – Hedin reveals that the creature is Omega, who sacrificed himself to give the Time Lords their power. Looking up, the Doctor sees the figure on the screen: "It's too late! Omega controls the Matrix!"

PART FOUR

Omega will shortly complete the transference and become a Time Lord once more. In order to locate his hideout, the Doctor enters the Matrix again and asks to speak to Tegan. The Australian risks her life to give him clues leading to the Amsterdam youth hostel.

Damon, Borusa, Chancellor Thalia and the Castellan work together to cause a distraction which will allow the Doctor and Nyssa to leave Gallifrey in the TARDIS. The Doctor knows that Omega is using the fusion booster to build up energy for transference, and aims to knock it out of phase.

Arriving in Amsterdam, the Doctor and Nyssa follow Tegan's clue to the hostel and then on to Frankendael. As Omega nears transference, Nyssa overpowers the Ergon with its own weapon. Entering Omega's TARDIS, they realise it is too late. Omega removes his mask to show he has taken on the Doctor's form. Omega walks off, delighted to live again. His pleasure is short-lived; he starts to revert to anti-matter. Leaving Robin to tend to Colin, the Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan give chase across Amsterdam, and finally corner the deformed Omega on the canals. A saddened Doctor uses the Ergon's matter convertor against Omega, who vanishes, unable to generate the matter/anti-matter explosion he was willing for his death. Tegan reveals to the Doctor and Nyssa that she lost her job as an air stewardess and can rejoin them on their travels.

On Gallifrey, Maxil (Colin Baker) stops the Doctor (Peter Davison) dead in his tracks

"There's a traitor at work on Gallifrey . . ."

In the Council Chamber of Gallifrey, the Lord President reveals his plan to prevent the anti-matter creature bonding with the Doctor: capital punishment. Nyssa, the Doctor's companion, is appalled . . .

NYSSA You can't do this! You must destroy the creature!
LORD PRESIDENT Child, do you not think we have considered this? The creature is shielded. We have no way of tracing it.
NYSSA So you're prepared to kill the Doctor?
LORD PRESIDENT Commander! Remove the Doctor to the security compound. As soon as the warrant is issued you will convey him to a place of termination . . . I'm sorry, Doctor.
NYSSA No . . . you can't . . .
THE DOCTOR Executing me will not alter the fact that there's a traitor at work on Gallifrey!

From Arc of Infinity
Part Two
by Johnny Byrne

In Production . . . .

One of those selected in late 1981 by script editor Eric Saward to write for *Doctor Who*'s 20th anniversary season was Irish scripter Johnny Byrne. Saward had enjoyed Byrne's *The Keeper of Traken* – although unaware of how heavily it had been rewritten by former script editor Christopher H Bidmead.

Producer John Nathan-Turner was determined to feature overseas filming for the second time in *Doctor Who*'s history – the first being *City of Death* in Paris in 1979. The venue selected by Nathan-Turner was Amsterdam, partly because it was then one of three production bases for the BBC's *Triangle*, a soap opera set on board a North Sea ferry. Nathan-Turner chose the venue before the story's details were finalised, which was later thought to be a mistake.

At the time, the character of Tegan Jovanka was being written out of the series at the end of

Peter Davison poses for the press on location in Amsterdam

> **"Graham Williams was the first producer to take Doctor Who on a foreign location shoot. I wanted to be second"**
>
> John Nathan-Turner

BBC Video [4]

Lord President Borusa (Leonard Sachs) flanked by his Chancellery Guard

BBC Video [3]

Xeraphin (latterly *Time-Flight*) to give a cliff-hanger to end Season Nineteen. However, it was always planned that actress Janet Fielding would not be leaving *Doctor Who*, and that Tegan would return; this, Saward considered badly contrived.

Prior to Saward formally requesting a storyline from him, Byrne had had an idea for a serial set in London which concerned a time shift caused by an alien. The time shift was a phenomenon which Byrne called the Arc of Infinity, a naturally occurring bridge between dimensions which could be calibrated like an eclipse.

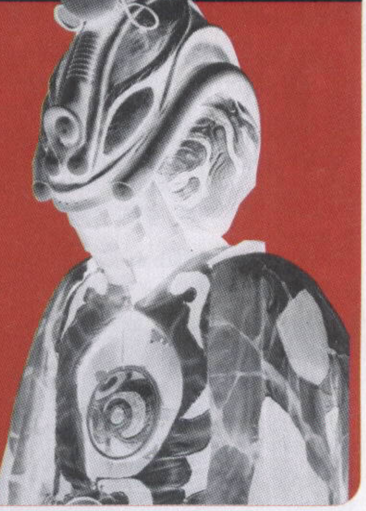
On Wednesday 30 September 1981, Saward telephoned Byrne, who was then working in California, and Byrne agreed to submit a four-part storyline to open Season Twenty. Byrne requested more information on both the character of Tegan (for whom he had not written) and Season Nineteen's serials. A letter the following day confirmed Saward's specifications. Location filming was planned for Amsterdam and the narrative was to be strongly rooted there. Tegan – no longer an air hostess – was to be on holiday there, and accidentally involved in criminal activity (with the production office stressed should not be drug smuggling, diamond stealing, political in any nature, or the theft of Dutch Old Masters). Tegan's return would be in Part Two.

Byrne drafted his outline on Tuesday 15 December 1981. In *The Time of Neman*, the TARDIS arrives in an Amsterdam of the future where Nyssa senses evil. Earth's history has been tampered with and the planet is now dominated by a figure called Neman. The city inhabitants are the barbaric Anarchs, the black automata guards known as Sweepers and the old citizen Resisters. Neman is the Avatar, an alien which can achieve existence only during a Time Lord's regeneration – hence the post-regenerative nightmares the Doctor has been suffering. Neman has also taken on the Doctor's appearance. The Doctor and Nyssa return to present day Amsterdam, where a visiting Tegan has already mistaken the Avatar for the Doctor. Via a conglomerate called Neman Industries, the Avatar is systematically taking control of the minds of humanity, its aim being to create a living form in which it can find existence. The Avatar is defeated when the Doctor relives his regeneration.

> "I was concerned to bring back Omega as someone who was not so terribly black and white and ranting"
>
> **Johnny Byrne**

SCRIPTING OMEGA AND THE ERGON

Johnny Byrne elaborated upon the appearance both of Omega and synthetic creation the Ergon in the script for Part One. When first seen, Omega's form "is in negative. His features flowing eerily in the weird forces at work in the cone. The rest of the figure is in silhouette, the body slender and youthful and seemingly robed in a black form fitting jumpsuit. The overall figure has a ghostly, black edge around it, which, when seen in the positive is a cape . . . Omega's mask is tight fitting. Like a waxen mildewed skin clinging to the structure, of curiously youthful contours beneath . . . We do not recognise him as Omega, his earlier mask destroyed by the same forces which have destroyed his physical being." The Ergon was a "hideous unhuman, wholly alien being. It is man-sized, thick bodied, its skin glistening and studded with pickly ulcerious eruptions. Its skull narrows to an almost non-existent forehead. Its nose is beaked. The mouth and lips fixed in a terrifying jagged tooth-filled leer. Its hands are rudimentary stumps . . ."



The storyline was discussed and considered over the Christmas/New Year period. One point of immediate concern was that Byrne's use of Amsterdam as a location was not essential to the plot, and this would need to be more fully integrated in the final scripts. Nathan-Turner was keen to begin the new season by featuring an old enemy – partly due to favourable reaction to the return of the Master in *The Keeper of Traken* – and gave Byrne a choice of two or three old villains to replace Neman. Byrne reluctantly selected Omega as being the most relevant to the plot (the character was also suggested by fan Ian Levine, who was acting as an adviser to Nathan-Turner at the time). Omega was an abandoned Time Lord stellar engineer who had featured in the 1973 tenth anniversary story *The Three Doctors*. Although Omega had previously been obliterated, Nathan-Turner indicated to Byrne that it was not necessary to provide an explanation for his survival in the new script. With Omega in the first serial and the Mara returning in the second (Chris Bailey's *Snakedance*), a precedent was set for figures from the Doctor's past to reappear throughout the season.

Viewing *The Three Doctors*, Byrne was disappointed to discover that Omega had been portrayed as little more than a ranting psychopath, and set about bringing out other aspects of the character – notably his desire to exist alongside others, and his being aided by Hedin, a Time Lord councillor with a conscience. However, Byrne would come to feel that this aspect became lost both in rewrites and in the on-screen depiction of Omega as an evil force misleading Hedin; he'd wanted to show a sympathetic side to the 'wronged' Omega, a figure akin to the fallen angel Lucifer – neither wholly good nor wholly evil.

Saward, keen to feature a Gallifrey story in the season, studied previous stories such as *The Deadly Assassin* and *The Invasion of Time* for continuity references. Bob Baker and Dave Martin, the writers of *The Three Doctors*, were paid a fee for the use of their character, Omega, but would not be terribly happy with the eventual outcome. The four scripts were commissioned under the title of *The Time of Omega* on Wednesday 13 January 1982, with a target delivery date of Wednesday 10 February. Byrne delivered Parts One to Three on Monday 1 March and Part Four following on Tuesday 30 March. The intention was to place the serial second in the new recording block – to be shot around May and June, thus hopefully affording better weather for the location shoot.

Snakedance, which had no notable exterior sequences, could therefore be made in studio over March and April.

The scripts emerged titled *Arc of Infinity*. The use of Amsterdam as an element in Byrne's long and complex narrative was felt to be both poor and to be restricted mainly to the climactic chase sequence – although the writer had attempted to justify the setting by devising a 'fusion booster' which operated below sea level. Byrne had intended the final runaround to depict Omega's slow disintegration – a facet drawn from the respective plights of both mutating fugitive Victor Caroon in Hammer Films' 1955 *The Quatermass Xperiment* (a remake of an earlier BBC serial) and the monster on the loose in Mary Shelley's 1818 gothic horror novel *Frankenstein*. Reasoning that a formless anti-matter figure could reappear in any shape, Nathan-Turner insisted that Omega's appearance differed from his *The Three Doctors* presentation so that the fans would not guess his identity. Byrne particularly liked the scenes between Nyssa (whom he had created for *The Keeper of Traken*) and the Doctor, which he felt were good for Nyssa's character; he was conscious that she had not been properly developed by other writers.

Byrne's scripts had a distinctive opening: "An area in shadow. Sound of a door opening . . . an unidentified figure moves into shot and up to a table . . . a panel slides back in the ceiling. From the recess . . . a strange looking fitting descends to hold at about head level above the floor. It shoots down a cone of light . . . a humanoid figure resolves in the centre of the cone (This is Omega, but we don't reveal this until much later)". Omega's cohort was identified only as "Time Lord" in dialogue and stage directions.

Originally, Cardinal Zorac was called Zoral, and the Lord President had no name. Some of the terminology was also changed: in Part Two, there were references to the Time Rotor being removed from the TARDIS to immobilise it, but this was changed to the space-time element in the console.

A couple of sequences were excised from the start of Part Four for timing reasons, losing some of Byrne's intended Omega/Hedin relationship and Omega's objective. There was a short scene in which Damon watches Omega in the Computer Room as the latter tells the Doctor that now he is linked to the Matrix he can reverse polarity and become a Time Lord again; Damon attempts to operate the Matrix control when a warning light flashes and he withdraws his hand. There was then a short scene in the Council Chamber where – despite the Doctor's protests – the Lord President tells Omega that Hedin is dead. Omega emits a moan of anguish and vanishes.

Numerous continuity references were incorporated into Byrne's scripts. Part One had references to the Cybermen damaging the console (in *Earthshock*), Nyssa asking how the Cybermen were able to fire their guns within the Console Room despite the state of temporal grace (mentioned in *The Hand of Fear* and *The Invasion of Time*), the Doctor saying that the TARDIS' recall circuit had only been used twice before (presumably in *The War Games* and *The Hand of Fear*) and the plot device of the Doctor's bio-data extract (pivotal to *The Deadly Assassin*). Part Two referred to Romana staying in E-Space (in *Warriors' Gate*), the Doctor asking Damon about Leela and her wedding (after *The Invasion of Time*) and how the privilege of destroying a Time Lord had only been given to

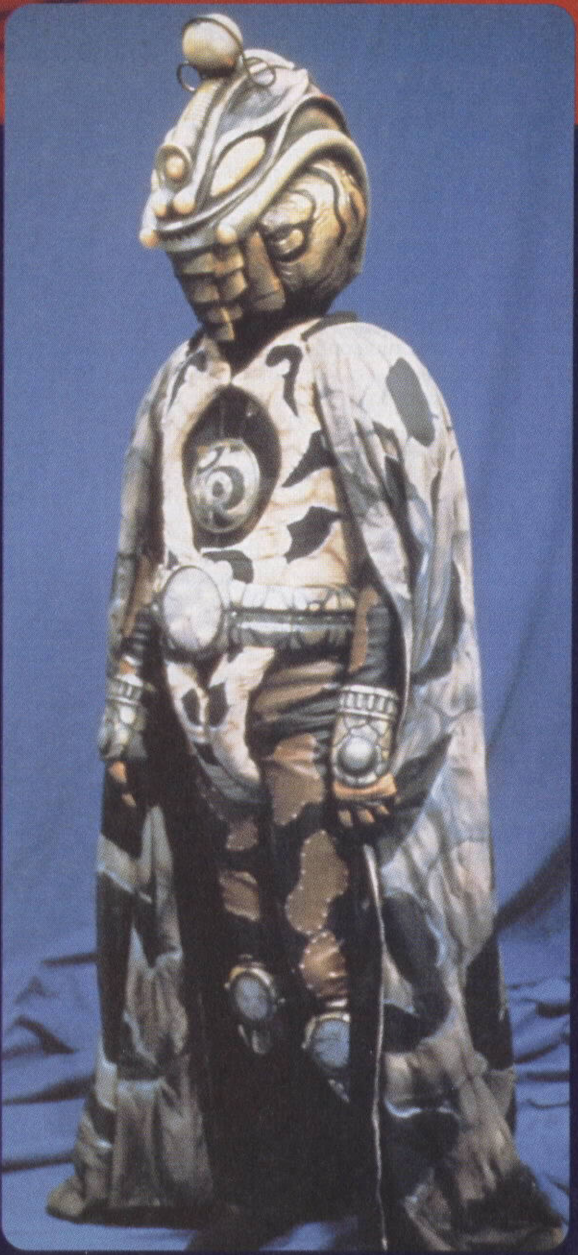
SCRIPTING THE MATRIX

In his script for Part Three, Johnny Byrne outlined the inner workings of the Matrix in some detail: "In visual terms a three dimensional pattern humming with the kind of electrical activity we would expect to see inside a brain, signals pulsing along, ganglions of electronic nerves, nodal points, synaptic currents and so on. Strange tidal forces gust and echo. The Matrix is the scientifically engineered re-ordering of the relative dimensions of time and space over which the Time Lords have control. Its primary function is to enable time capsules like the TARDIS to move freely through these relative dimensions, but it also had a host of secondary functions which relate to the day to day running of Gallifrey itself . . ."

In his TARDIS, Omega's horrible transference reaches its final stages

IAN COLLIER OMEGA

talks to Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons



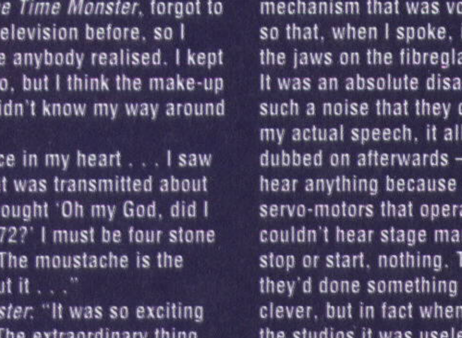
Having marked *Doctor Who*'s tenth anniversary, Omega returned to usher in its 20th year – but a new actor replaced Stephen Thorne beneath the renegade Time Lord's cumbersome helmet. "Exactly why they decided to see me," says Ian Collier, "I don't know. I think they quite went for the voice." Ian didn't study Omega's debut in *The Three Doctors*: "They didn't want me to try and imitate anything – Omega had been away long enough. And the way it was written, there were only certain ways you could play it. They explained that the whole TARDIS system couldn't have come about if Omega hadn't set up the power source."

One Third Doctor story that Ian has seen is 1972's *The Time Monster*, in which he appeared as Stuart Hyde. "Not only was it the first *Doctor Who* I did, it happened to be the first television I ever did. I was very pleased when I got it. I'd been hitting my head against television – they kept saying 'It's a very small part, Mr Collier, and we wouldn't insult you by offering it', or alternatively, 'It's a very important part, Mr Collier, and you haven't done television before'. Then Paul Bernard, who directed *The Time Monster*, forgot to ask me what I'd done in television before, so I signed the contract before anybody realised. I kept quiet about it in the studio, but I think the make-up girl sussed that I really didn't know my way around on the technical side."

"It has a very fond place in my heart . . . I saw it for the first time since it was transmitted about three weeks ago, and I thought 'Oh my God, did I really look like that in 1972?' I must be four stone lighter and I've got hair! The moustache is the same one, but that's about it . . ."

Back to *The Time Monster*: "It was so exciting working with Ingrid Pitt. The extraordinary thing about her was that, in the actual story, she looks like a sort of sex goddess – but working with her, she was incredibly serious and wore blue denim suits buttoned up to the neck and no make-up.

"The strange thing was Jon Pertwee, who honestly couldn't give a monkey's about *Doctor Who*. I mean, he liked the character but he thought he was doing a children's series and he had no interest in the science-fiction side of it, which was quite disillusioning for me as I was enjoying being in *Doctor Who* because I'm a science-fiction fan. Jon had to spout something about the theory of interstitial time and he hadn't even bothered to think about what it could possibly mean, he just said the words."



As Stuart Hyde (left) in *The Time Monster*

What sticks in Ian's mind most about his *Doctor Who* debut was the ageing process his character had to endure. "That was a nightmare . . . it was actually quite difficult to make me look much older. It was the one worry that Paul Bernard had about casting me. The BBC make-up resources tried loads of tests, and Mr Bernard said 'No, no, it looks too fake'. Eventually they had to call in a freelance film guy called Alan Boyle, and they ended up doing that make-up with separated tissues dipped in honey. There was a sort of latex base and a false neck to give double chins – that was made out of a pair of tights put on like a balaclava and carefully moulded over. It took hours and you know how sticky honey is . . .

"The scene where I came back down in age had to be done in stages, and it was reversed . . . It was a long and tedious process, and it was incredibly cold. If you remember, it was on a terrace in the open air – I was locked into a wheelchair, everything was fixed to give the minimum of judder in the actual effect, and I had to sit stock still. I got a really bad dose of flu out of it. You can't see it on the camera, but in fact it was incredibly wet, freezing cold and windy. That was not a fun bit."

Obviously, Ian wasn't put off making a return to the series. "I very much wanted to do another *Doctor Who* and I had a look at the script and it was quite reasonable. It wasn't until I got the head that I realised quite what I'd let myself in for. Special effects went to town yet again for the head of Omega. They built a mechanism that was voice-sensitive so that, when I spoke, it would make the jaws on the fibreglass head move. It was an absolute disaster! It made such a noise that they couldn't use my actual speech, it all had to be dubbed on afterwards – and I couldn't hear anything because of the little servo-motors that operated it. I couldn't hear stage managers saying stop or start, nothing. They thought they'd done something incredibly clever, but in fact when we came to the studios it was useless because I just vaguely had to cough and this engine would start up and the jaws would start moving." For Ian, it meant an extra trip to a sound studio to re-record his lines.

The head wasn't Ian's only problem. "The costume was incredibly uncomfortable. I wore a wetsuit to start with, then over that was a body suit with great holes cut in it – the wet suit was bright blue so that you appeared to be able to see through me with CSO effects – then that bloody great cloak and a hat on top, and gloves. God, it was uncomfortable!"

Looking on the bright side, he did at least get a holiday out of the deal. "We had a week in Amsterdam. It was quite nice because I didn't have to work every day." The filming itself drew crowds, and even a few *Doctor Who* fans turned up: "They all get British television – even before satellite they could receive BBC – and everyone speaks English anyway, much to our shame. I can't speak a word of Dutch . . .

"The most frightening thing about that was, actually, it was the first time I'd been blown up. The special effects guy planted about 30, maybe more, tiny bits of semtex all over my body. But it was apparently the first time he'd done that and he put them all on metal plates Sellotaped or Elastoplasted to me with the wires down one leg of the boiler suit leading away to a master console. The metal plates got absolutely red hot as he was letting them off, and it was really quite scary. It transpired afterwards that you're not supposed to use metal plates in those circumstances, you're supposed to use thick leather ones which absorb the heat . . ."

Ian is quite diplomatic when reminded of his fowl-mannered henchmonster, the Ergon. "Looking at it, he did it perfectly well. *Doctor Who* has had lots of preposterous costumes in its time, and it's up to you as an actor and the director to ignore it. If you do what you do with conviction, then hopefully no matter how ridiculous it may look, people will forget that."

And, once again, a great deal of make-up was involved. Recalling the Amsterdam location scenes in which Omega's stolen body begins to disintegrate, Ian explains: "It was things like Rice Krispies and raisins, all covered in latex. They'd put latex on to your skin with Rice Krispies underneath, stretch it and dry it with a hair drier – then, when they let your skin go, it sort of puckers up." At another point, "they were desperately trying to make Omega's head look slimy, and it's amazing how much stuff they used: green hair gel, KY jelly – loads and loads of KY – anything, they were just pouring this stuff over and frankly I don't think he looked particularly slimy, not like he was suppurating. My two *Doctor Who*s have both been very sticky and gluey."

one Gallifreyan before (this might refer to either Morbius in *The Brain of Morbius* or to the Master in *The Deadly Assassin*). Furthermore, at a late juncture the new Time Lord President was named Borusa, making him the Doctor's former tutor who had appeared in both *The Deadly Assassin* and *The Invasion of Time* (because of this late change, little reference was made to Borusa's past).

The director assigned to the serial was Ron Jones, a BBC staff member who had previously handled *Black Orchid* and who had stepped in at short notice to take over the troubled production of *Time-Flight* in January/February 1982. Set designer Marjorie Pratt was new to the programme, and came from mainly light entertainment and magazine shows. Costume designer Dee Robson, having previously worked on *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, was to have joined *Doctor Who* with *Four to Doomsday* the previous year, but made her series debut on *Arc of Infinity* instead. Make-up artist Frances Needham had earlier worked on *State of Decay*, and visual effects were given to Christopher Lawson, a recently promoted design assistant.

A key concern in preparing the serial was the location shoot, particularly with reference to the Part Four chase sequence, which had been left largely undefined. Jones, Nathan-Turner and production manager Ralph Wilton approached the Amsterdam Tourist Board, who were keen to help out visiting film crews. On a recce, Jones found the locations he wanted in a very small vicinity at the heart of the city; they included types of architecture which he felt were untypical of Holland. He also decided to stage the chase's climax on the lock gates of a canal, which would signify that Omega has nowhere left to run.

In tandem: Peter Davison and Janet Fielding share another photo opportunity

> **"I had to stumble across Dam Square with Rice Krispies and green slime all down my face. I got some very strange looks"** Peter Davison

On Monday 3 May, the show's three regular cast members – Peter Davison, Sarah Sutton, Janet Fielding – with supporting artistes Andrew Boxer (who had won his role over Jason Carter and Robin Hayter) and Alastair Cumming (the son of *Doctor Who* director Fiona Cumming and her husband Ian Fraser) flew out from Heathrow at 8.15am to arrive at Schipol Airport at 10.15. Contrary to popular legend, the TARDIS was not required for filming; it was not accidentally left behind because there was too much other baggage on the plane.

Shooting on 16mm began at Schipol Airport's Arrival Hall, where the Part Two sequences where Robin waits for and meets Tegan were filmed. After lunch, the crew moved on to Muntplein in Amsterdam's Mint Tower Square to film both the Part One scene in which Colin telephones Tegan and then a sequence in which the Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan pursue Omega through a flower market. In this scene, Davison appeared first as the decomposing Omega (with a make-up of coloured Rice Krispies stuck to his face) and then as the Doctor. As it turned out, Davison was recognised by the Dutch public as Tristan Farnon, his character from *All Creatures Great and Small*. For this serial, Sutton reverted to wearing Nyssa's Season Nineteen outfit of Traken jacket and trousers, having worn a new costume for *Snakedance*. The final shoot of the day did not require any cast members and consisted of a shot of a KLM jet landing back at Schipol Airport for Part Two. Jones found shooting at Schipol far easier than at Heathrow four months earlier for *Time-Flight*, when he'd met with considerable co-operation problems.

The following day, Tuesday 4, shooting began at 9am at Blauwburgwal and NZ Voorburgwal for shots of the fugitive decomposing Omega. Davison then became the Doctor for sequences at the nearby Bobs Youth Hostel showing Robin arriving in Part One and the Doctor and Nyssa leaving in Part Four. With Davison still as the Doctor, the TARDIS crew filmed elements of the chase scenes at Blauwburgwal and an alley off Voorburgwal, followed by a canal scene behind the youth hostel for Part Four where the Doctor and Nyssa set off to find Tegan. After this, further scenes at Blauwburgal showed the Doctor and Nyssa rushing to the house and then the TARDIS crew pursuing Omega. The last sequence to be filmed before a break for lunch was of Nyssa and the Doctor colliding with a housewife on Herenstraat.

GUEST CAST MICHAEL GOUGH AND COLIN BAKER

Cast as *Arc of Infinity*'s Hedin was Malayan-born Michael Gough, an actor of some 40 years' standing with film credits including Hammer's *Dracula* and *The Boys from Brazil* and television credits spanning *The Avengers* and *Suez*. Gough had been married to former sixties *Doctor Who* companion Anneke Wills (Polly), and had played the Toymaker in the 1966 serial *The Celestial Toymaker*. Also considered for the role of Hedin were Glyn Owen (who had been in *The Power of Kroll*), William Lucas and Maurice Denham.

Winning out over actors such as Pierce Brosnan for the part of Maxil was Colin Baker, who was suggested for the role by assistant floor manager Lynn Richards after recalling his performance as the villain in *City at the Edge of the World*, a 1980 episode of *Blake's 7*. Baker had become established on television after a part in the BBC's *War and Peace* and his role as Paul Merrony in *The Brothers*. Cast as Maxil, Baker remarked to his wife that, sadly, this small role meant he could now never play the Doctor . . .

Back in the old routine: the team gather in Amsterdam

In the afternoon, shooting began with the exterior of the police station at Lijnbaansgracht for Parts One and Two, and a scene between Robin and Tegan in the nearby streets. It was then planned to move to a nearby café to shoot dialogue between Robin and Tegan, although this was abandoned when production ran behind; it was rescheduled for studio. Scenes featuring the Doctor and Nyssa at a telephone box near the Hoopman Bodega on Leidseplein were shot next (here, Nathan-Turner appeared in shot while gesturing members of the public away from the cameras). The final scene of the day showed the pair searching for Tegan at the Vondelpark Youth Hostel in Zandpend. Ian Collier, who played Omega (and who had previously been Stuart Hyde in 1972's *The Time Monster*) flew out from London to join the crew in the evening. Jones had cast him for both his strong voice and physical resemblance to Davison; Malcolm Stoddard and Jonathan Newth (who had appeared in *Underworld*) were also considered.

Shooting began at 8.30am on Wednesday 5 with the scene of Davison's Omega listening to the barrel organ (provided by Mr G Perleee) at Amstelveld; while Davison changed, a shot for the TARDIS scanner screen was filmed at Prinsengracht. Additional barrel organ music for the serial was then recorded. Two pieces of traditional music were used in Parts One and Four: 1 minute 10 seconds of *Tulips from Amsterdam* and 16 seconds of *Canal Song*.

Back at Amstelveld, the scene in which the TARDIS crew hear the organ music was filmed, then – with Collier taking over as Omega – the trio chasing past a flower stall near Prinsengracht. In the afternoon, the crew moved to 'Huis Frankendael' on Middenweg to film all the exteriors of the house/basement for the serial. Scenes with Davison as the Doctor were shot first and the sequence in which as Omega he spots a gardener last.

Thursday 6 saw filming at Amstel Lock and its surrounding streets, south of the famous Skinny Bridge; all these sequences – which required the regular cast, Collier, plus a few Dutch extras – formed chase scenes for Part Four. These scenes included Omega's destruction (small flash charges were sewn into the padded overalls worn by Collier) and ended with a shot of the decomposing Davison Omega seen by a young couple.

The final shooting day, Friday 7, began with the final scene showing the reformed TARDIS crew by the phone at the Central Station Forecourt, and then picked up on a couple of chase shots with both the Davison and Collier versions of Omega at Dam Square and Damrak (Davison was almost hit by a tram in Dam Square). It was on this final day that Nathan-Turner arranged a photocall for the regular cast to emphasise the overseas shoot. Five national papers and the Press Association sent photographers and took shots of the trio, with Sutton wearing her new outfit that had been designed for *Snakedance*; this, along with Fielding's 'boob-tube', emphasised that the

PAUL JERRICHO THE CASTELLAN

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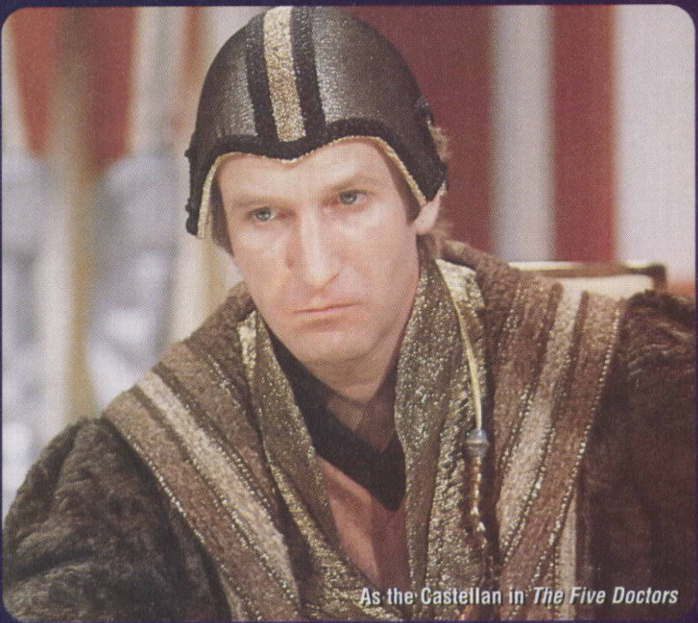


As the Castellan in *The Five Doctors*

Bar Doctors and companions, few actors have appeared as recurring characters in *Doctor Who*. One such is Paul Jerricho, who played the otherwise unnamed Castellan in both *Arc of Infinity* and *The Five Doctors*.

Paul Jerricho, it turns out, was always a bit of a *Doctor Who* fan. "I'd been an avid watcher since it started with William Hartnell, when I was a kid, so it was amazing to suddenly be involved in it." He was slightly less happy, however, when presented with his formal Time Lord costume. "It was bloody uncomfortable. It had this fibreglass collar thing, and the crash helmet was fibreglass as well – it was so hot and sweaty and painful. If the character looked in any way wooden, when turning and so on, it's simply because you could not turn your head, particularly if you were sitting down. When the Time Lords were sitting there in judgement, it overlapped your shoulders, it was like sitting in a brace. Standing up, it was easier because you could turn on your feet. A terrible, horrible costume, and you also knew that you looked like a complete jerk." Paul insisted upon removing the helmet for scenes set in the Castellan's office. "We did those under pressure and, for me, not having that restriction made it a little easier to cope."

He recalls how time almost ran out on the scenes in question, on the final day of shooting. "The director said to me, 'Listen Paul, I don't think we're going to get it in, we're going to have to cut one of those scenes.' I said, 'You can't do that, you've already shot either side of them – if you take any of those out, it's not going to make sense.' He said, 'Oh God, yeah!' You can tell what kind of pressure he was feeling, to be lost like that himself. So he said, 'Well, everybody's got to be on the ball for this', and what happened was, we went into the studio and just shot those four scenes, without any technical problems, without a boom getting in the way . . . and what it meant was the actors were particularly hyped up. It was like giving a stage performance, because you had to get it right first time – there was real adrenaline going. When I watched it on TV, it was clear that those scenes really stood out, they had an extra sort of magic about them. It made me appreciate how brilliant it must have been to have done live television."

Paul's brief for his character was, well, brief. "He was a Time Lord – and that was it, really. He wasn't nice. It was easier to play him as though he was a baddie rather than an honest guy, because the whole audience were led astray and thought he was the man responsible for what was going on. And it's always much more interesting to play it as a villain anyway – from an acting point of view, there's always more to get you teeth into."

Having helped to launch *Doctor Who*'s year-long celebration of its 20th anniversary, Paul returned for its culmination in *The Five Doctors*. Though greatly pleased to be part of the special – "it was amazing to see all the different Doctors at the read-through" – he didn't feel that this return gave him much scope for character development. "When you do four episodes of *Doctor Who*, you think 'Right, that's it, I'm finished.' Then you've got to recreate an established character, and there's nowhere else for you to go really because you've already said that this is what the character is like. You might have had some time to think about it and to think 'I wish I'd done it another way' or whatever, but you've established the parameters of the character and you've got to stick with it."

We couldn't let Paul go without broaching the subject of one particular line of *Five Doctors* dialogue . . . "There was a lot of controversy about 'No, not the mind probe' – which is a famous line, I've heard it mentioned on the radio several times since, and the way I say it is a famous delivery. But what is it? It's a difficult thing to have to say. The director and the producer completely and utterly disagreed on how it should be said – the producer was saying 'It's "the *mind* probe!"' and the director was saying "No, it's "the mind *probe*!"' So I'm there thinking 'What do I do, how do I say this line?' So I tried to get it somewhere in the middle. People that have known me for a long time still say 'Here comes the mind probe!'" But Paul had seen all this coming: "When I first saw it in the script, I thought 'Oh no!'"

Quite. DWM

BBC Video [4]

companions would lose their formal uniforms and be showing a bit more leg. Fielding and Davison also rode a tandem along the Amstel Canal towpath for the press. That evening, cast and crew returned to London; the following day, papers such as *The Sun*, *Daily Express*, *Daily Star* and Scotland's *Daily Record* all ran items related to the photocall.

Rehearsals began on Saturday 9 May at the BBC's Acton rehearsal rooms. The two prominent guest stars involved in this block were Michael Gough as Councillor Hedin and Colin Baker as Commander Maxil. The role of Damon was played by Neil Daglish (*Shada*'s Daniel Hill was also considered), while stuntman Gareth Milne was in mind to inhabit the Ergon costume, a task which eventually went to Malcolm Harvey.

Recording began on the evening of Monday 17 May in Television Centre Studio 1. The first evening, from 7.30pm to 10.00pm, was spent on the scenes in the hostel for Parts One and Four, the cafe scene abandoned on location for Part Two and all the scenes set in the TARDIS corridor and console room for the serial. The 'bonding' scenes in Part One required the use of mirrorlon to ripple and distort the picture, and the screen mounted into the TARDIS console carried text on Rondel which was an embellishment of the scripted dialogue. Visual continuity was maintained with the use of the TARDIS tool kit, previously seen in stories such as *Earthshock*, in Part Four. CSO was used for the bonding of Omega with the Doctor, and also for a shot of the Doctor and Nyssa in the distorting TARDIS corridor. During his first scene, Baker found that his plumed helmet was too tall for him to wear when entering the TARDIS control room; naming the feathered headpiece 'Esmerelda', the actor carried his helmet instead throughout the serial.

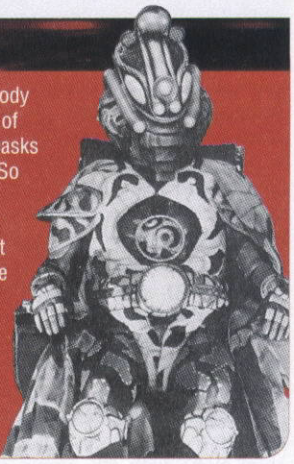
Borusa and the Doctor discover the identity of Gallifrey's betrayer – the dead Hedin (Michael Gough)

Taping on Tuesday 18 began at 2.30pm with scenes in the companions' room on board the TARDIS for Parts Two and Three (complete with costumes from *Black Orchid* in the background), and also scenes in the crypt and its adjoining service passage. After a break for tea at 5.15pm, the evening recording was then scheduled to conclude the scenes set in the crypt as well as those in Hedin's Office and in the Matrix. However, recording had run badly behind and the scenes in Hedin's Office and the Matrix had to be postponed for remounting in the second block. For the crypt scenes, dry ice was used to pour out of the entrance of Omega's TARDIS. CSO was used for the shots of the Ergon's victims vanishing, flashing negative in the process. The Ergon costume worn by Harvey was created by props firm Imagineering. Robson's notion was to see a creature which resembled a pile of old bones, and bone casts from Imagineering's neighbouring Oxford Scientific Films company were used to create an outfit inspired by the design work of HR Giger in the 1979 movie *Alien*, complete with a pterodactyl skull head worn by Harvey as a hat.

Rehearsals restarted on Thursday 20 at Acton; the second block concentrated on the Gallifrey sequences. Playing Borusa was South African Leonard Sachs who had a notable movie career before finding fame as the chairman of the BBC's *The Good Old Days*; he had already played de Coligny in the 1966 serial *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*. Second choice for this role was Bernard Archard (who had previously featured in *The Power of the Daleks* and *Pyramids of Mars*), but Jones also considered Geoffrey Bayldon (who had been in *The Creature from the Pit*), Richard Vernon, Terence Alexander and the movie Doctor, Peter Cushing.

COSTUME OMEGA

From Johnny Byrne's outline, Dee Robson produced a complex design for Omega which incorporated an ornate mask and tunic with breastplate but omitted the scripted cape. Robson engaged the specialist props firm Imagineering, an Oxfordshire based sub-contractor, to manufacture Omega's costume. Imagineering's Richard Gregory crafted a fibreglass mask which incorporated lights that would flash whenever the actor inside spoke, and servos which would similarly make the three flaps of Omega's mouth twitch (although this facility was not used on recording). For the 'bonding' scenes, in which Omega's body 'melted', a series of dummy rubber masks were also made. So pleased was Gregory with the design that he put his initials into the motif on the chestplate mounted on Omega's black and gold jump-suit.



Elspet Gray, playing Thalia, was known for stage farces with husband Brian Rix, films like *Goodbye Mr Chips* and television series including *Catweazle*, *The Crezz* and sitcom *Solo*; she won the role against competition such as Honor Blackman, Lynda Bellingham and Jennie Linden. Ron Jones cast Paul Jerricho as the Castellan after working with him on *Secret Army*; Jerricho was also a regular in *Triangle* (other actors under consideration were Bernard Hepton, Patrick Stewart, Francis Matthews, *Colony in Space*'s Morris Perry, Edward Woodward and Charles Kay.

The second block spanned three days in TC1: Monday 31 May to Wednesday 2 June. Because of the need for a remount, recording on the first day began in the afternoon with all the scenes in Hedin's Office; this required the use of video effects and CSO to place a negative image of Omega into the picture. There were also many cutaway shots recorded of Omega and of Hedin's gloved hands. After this came the Matrix scenes for the final two episodes, again requiring the merging of various images via CSO to make it seem that each character (Omega, the Doctor and Tegan) was floating; Davison, for instance, balanced on a set dressed with blue CSO material. The characters were placed in shot over the

CUTS PART FOUR

Part Four over-ran considerably, and a great deal of the start of the episode had to be reconstructed in editing. A short scene of Tegan and Robin tending Colin in Omega's TARDIS was removed, as was the next scene in which Omega swore to avenge Hedin's death. Another short sequence of Nyssa entering the TARDIS control room was dropped, and after the Doctor's second entry into the matrix four scenes were removed. As the crown removes itself from the Doctor's head in the Council Chamber, he tells Borusa that he has a clue and must leave Gallifrey. There was then a short scene of Robin helping Tegan to recover, before the narrative cut back to Borusa telling the Doctor that he will help him pilot the TARDIS to Amsterdam. There was then another short scene showing Omega's captives, with Tegan hoping the Doctor can find them. A brief TARDIS scene after take-off in which the Doctor tells Nyssa he has things to prepare was dropped, along with the bulk of a scene set in the Computer Room – the Castellan offers his resignation over his false accusation of the Doctor, but Borusa says that he has learned from his mistake and refuses the resignation. Two short scenes of the group in the Computer Room monitoring Omega's transfer was also omitted.

Matrix model, a prop which consisted of perspex rods against a black backdrop over which played various lights. An electronic wobble effect was added to the picture and the camera was twisted to make the characters move about. The afternoon session over-ran its 5.15pm deadline slightly to allow for a small amount of voice recording. The evening session began with sequences in Omega's TARDIS and its TARDIS Chamber for Parts Two to Four. During these scenes, Boxer dubbed some dialogue for film sequences in Part One. There were also some more voice recordings for film sequences, and a great deal of time was spent setting up shots of Omega's head collapsing – although, as it transpired, this shot took too long to achieve and was postponed to the next afternoon along with the scenes in the Computer Room on Gallifrey for Parts One and Two.

Afternoon recording on Tuesday 1 June began by picking up on the shots of Omega writhing, his head oozing gunge – after which Davison dubbed some dialogue for Part Four. Work then moved to the Computer Room (a set which incorporated a monochrome monitor to display the Doctor's bio-data extract and an analysis of his termination from a Riley/Anchor text generator) for the scenes of Maxil entering in Part One and Damon studying the printouts in Part Three, plus some scenes in the corridor for Part Three.

After the sequence of the Doctor and Nyssa entering Omega's TARDIS, recording switched back to the Computer Room for the scene in which Nyssa and Damon hear the Doctor being taken away for execution. After another insert of the slumped Omega in his TARDIS, the first scene of Talor and Damon in the Computer Room was taped, followed by the final bonding explosion in Omega's TARDIS for Part Four and the murder of Talor in Part One. The confrontation between the Doctor and Omega was now recorded for the first time, with Collier removing the Omega headpiece to reveal his balaclavaed features on the right of the screen while Davison played the Doctor on the left of the screen. The action now switched back to the Computer Room for scenes in Parts Two and Three which did not require Davison. Meanwhile the show's star donned the Omega outfit to record the other half of the Doctor/Omega confrontation. With a split-screen playback of the earlier recording (showing the Doctor) mixed into the camera shot, Davison now mimed to Collier's dialogue as Omega to complete the effect.

In the evening, recording began with the Doctor entering the Computer Room in Part Three and continued with the scenes on this set for Part Four. After this came scenes set in the Corridor/Rest Area on Gallifrey for Parts Two and Three, and then the scenes in the Security Compound where the TARDIS landed in Parts One and Two; there were numerous problems here with the 'automatic' doors as technicians got in shot. Finally, Part One shots of the TARDIS materialising were recorded.

> **"When we went to Amsterdam, I virtually plotted the whole of the end action"**
>
> **Ron Jones**

The final day, Wednesday 2, was spent on some more corridor sequences for Parts One to Three (postponed from the previous day), scenes set in the Council Chamber for the whole serial (with the Matrix crown hovering via CSO), the Termination Area for Parts Two and Three (with a CSO image of Omega, dry ice and extreme lighting used in the cliffhanger termination), the Castellan's Office (a redress of Hedin's Office) for Parts One to Three, a close-up of the explosion in the Amsterdam Pumping House for Part Four and a scene in a Time Lord's Office for Part Two. Most of the Time Lord costumes seen in the serial came from stock (Damon wore Runcible's outfit from *The Deadly Assassin*) and while several new ceremonial collars were made, all of these carried the Prydonian seal rather than a variety from different Time Lord chapters. The final evening of taping was very hectic; Jerricho recalls his final scenes being narrowly crammed into the schedule. As recording concluded, Baker left the studio joking to Jones: "Remember – the name's Baker!"

A gallery only day was held in TC6 on Thursday 10 June to allow Dave Chapman to add electronic effects. These included the cone of light representing the Arc of Infinity itself seen during Omega's appearances, adding images to the CSO TARDIS scanner screen, considerable work on Part One's bonding scene (which involved slow motion), the

BBC Video [3]

The Lord President impresses the gravity of the situation on Chancellor Thalia (Elspet Gray)

effects of the Gallifreyan stasars, the Doctor and Nyssa on the Computer Room screen in Part One and inlays to Hedin's screen in Part Three.

The incidental score was composed and realised by Roger Limb of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, an old friend of Jones' from the director's days in radio; the two had worked together on both *Black Orchid* and *Time-Flight*. Approximately 38 minutes' music was recorded for the serial. Some seven minutes' background sound for the Matrix scenes was realised by Dick Mills, who also treated Gough's voice to distort it in scenes where Hedin spoke with Omega, created a deeper TARDIS sound for Omega's vessel and re-used sound effects from *The Deadly Assassin* including stasars, background atmospherics, communicator signals and alarms.

All four episodes over-ran to one degree or another. There were minimal cuts to Part One. A complete scene was lost in the Castellan's Office: the Castellan says that a tension conduit short-circuited and accidentally killed Talor, but Damon maintains it was murder, and Maxil enters to announce the Matrix has registered the temporal bonding of the Doctor. The end of a scene between Omega and the unseen Hedin was trimmed, and an insert of Damon alone in the Computer Room was dropped.

Part Two had four minor cuts. A short scene of the stunned Doctor being woken by Nyssa in the TARDIS bedroom was omitted, and another short sequence in which Nyssa and the Doctor arrive at the Council Chamber under guard was dropped. The end of a scene between Nyssa and Damon had the end trimmed to remove Nyssa asking who would help them, and Omega ordering Colin to check the booster terminals was lost. Part Three lost the end of an early scene where Maxil informs the Castellan that his analysis of the termination will be of interest, and a line of Thalia's about the councillors being summoned by the Castellan.

The BBC's publicity material for *Arc of Infinity* indicated that originally the serial was to run on Mondays and Wednesdays and concentrated on the climactic chase, "culminating in the defeat of Omega on Amsterdam's famous 'Skinny' Bridge" (a "spectacular new monster – the ERGON" was listed as one of the serial's four key selling points). The serial was previewed on *Saturday Superstore* when Peter Davison featured as a guest on Saturday 20 November. A tie-in item was proposed for the Tuesday 4 January edition of Radio 4's *Today* programme, the discussion notes for which include the comment: "Offer from Andy Murray, Radio Lincolnshire – dread the thought – it's the 20th anniversary programme of *Dr Who* tonight (Monday). He has pkge incl. fan club loony". The feature was cancelled.

To preserve the surprise of Omega's return, Collier was credited as "The Renegade" on the closing credits for Parts One and Two and in *Radio Times*, which ran several publicity shots to promote the new season. The scheduling of the season was changed in yet another experiment which would culminate in the scheduling of *EastEnders*; although Part One remained on a Monday because of the New Year schedules, the remaining 'odd' episodes for the season would air on Tuesdays, with the 'even' episodes on Wednesdays. Once again, *Radio Times* was to print letters from viewers complaining about the new scheduling.

In general, the ratings – at around seven million – were about two million down on the previous season. The first episode was shown opposite networked ITV broadcasts of *The Krypton Factor International* and *Carry On Laughing* while the remaining episodes aired against local news or soap operas such as *Crossroads* and *Emmerdale Farm*.

Three bands of Limb's music from the serial were released on the BBC LP/cassette *Doctor Who – The Music* in March 1983: *Omega Field Force* and *Ergon Threat* from Part One and *Termination of the Doctor* from Part Two. In 1984 and 1985, some of these tracks reappeared on the two *Doctor Who* picture discs for the American market, and all were reissued on the Silva Screen CD/cassette *Doctor Who: Earthshock* in 1992.

Terrance Dicks novelised the scripts as *Doctor Who – Arc of Infinity*, re-instating some of the deleted scenes in the process. With a photographic cover showing the Doctor and Hedin, the WH Allen hardback was published in July 1983 with the Target paperback following in October 1983. The paperback was reprinted in March 1992 with a cover painting by Alister Pearson.

The serial was sold abroad to Australia, New Zealand, the USA and Canada in 1983; in North America it is also syndicated it as a TV Movie of 1 hour 33 minutes. Holland also broadcast the story as *In Levensgevaar* in April/May 1986. BBC Video released the serial in March 1994 with a cover painting by Pete Wallbank. UK Gold screened the serial in episodic form in July 1994 with compilation transmissions in September 1994 and July 1996.

SERIAL 6E **ARC OF INFINITY**

CAST **Peter Davison** *The Doctor* with **Ian Collier** *The Renegade/Omega**, **Neil Daglish** *Damon*, **John D Collins** *Talor* [1], **Sarah Sutton** *Nyssa*, **Andrew Boxer** *Robin Stuart*, **Alastair Cumming** *Colin Frazer*, **Malcolm Harvey** *The Ergon*, **Leonard Sachs** *Lord President Borusa*, **Max Harvey** *Cardinal Zorac*, **Elspet Gray** *Chancellor Thalia*, **Michael Gough** *Councillor Hedin* [1-3], **Paul Jerricho** *The Castellan*, **Colin Baker** *Commander Maxil* [1-3], **Maya Woolfe** *Hostel Receptionist* [1,4], **Janet Fielding** *Tegan* [2-4], **Guy Groen** *Second Receptionist* [4].

*Billed as *The Renegade* on Parts One and Two and *Omega* on Parts Three and Four

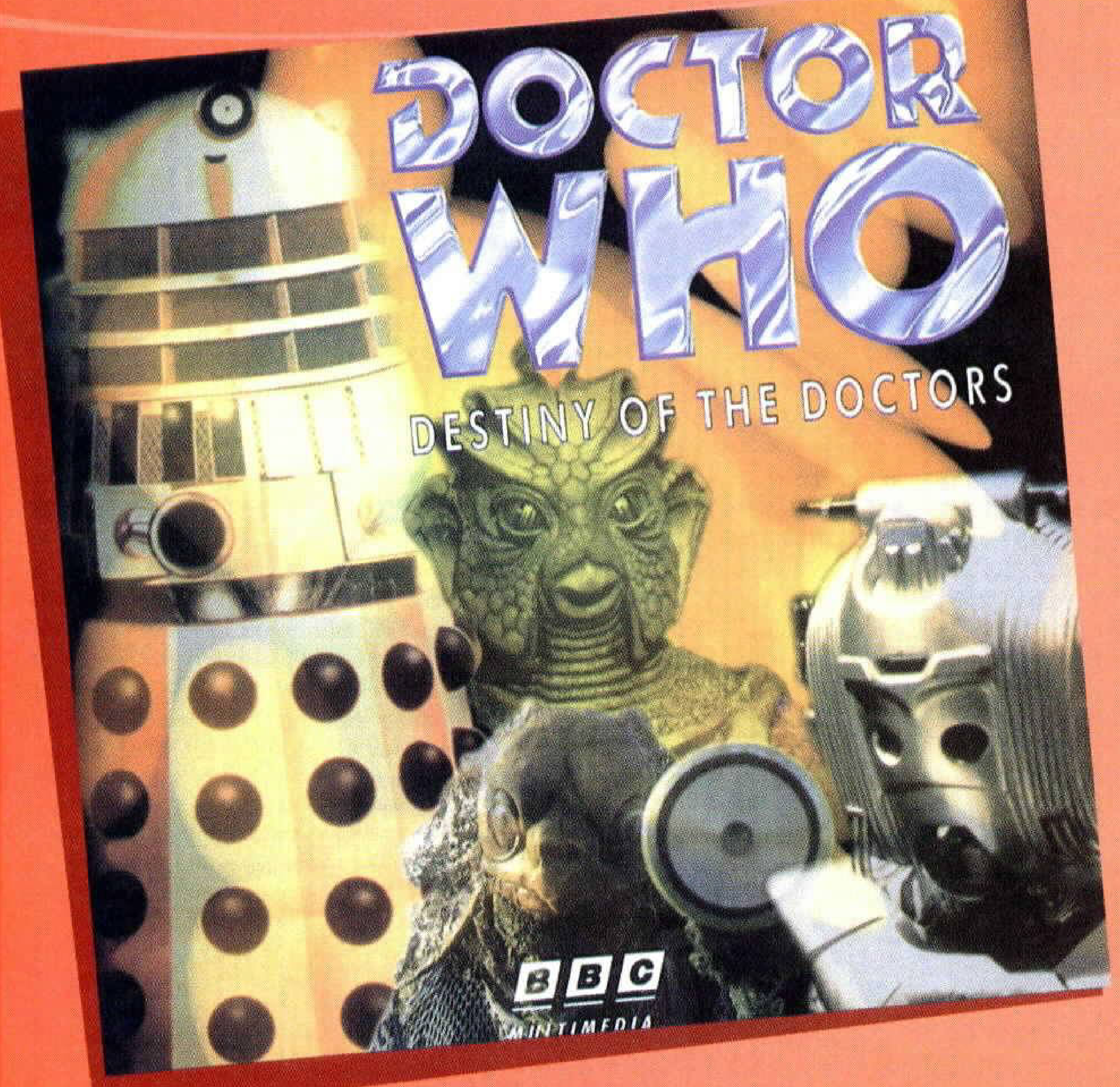
EXTRAS **Glenn Bexfield**, **Chris Andrews**, **Kevin O'Brien**, **Terry Phillips** *Guards*; **David Cole**, **Thomas Stein** *Students*; **Olwyn Atkinson**, **Belinda Lee**, **Lewus Hooper**, **Colin Thomas**, **Peter Gates Fleming**, **Michael Jefferies**, **Robert Goodman**, **Giles Melville** *Gallifreyans*; **Barbie Denham** *Waitress*; **Peter Daysan**, **John Koeung**, **Judith Jeffrey**, **Rachel Wheeler** *Customers*; **Michael Erera**, **Michael Gordon-Browne** *Guards*; **Julia James** *Student*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Johnny Byrne**. *Incidental Music* **Roger Limb**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills, BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Production Manager* **Ralph Wilton**. *Production Associate* **June Collins**. *Production Assistant* **Diana Brookes**. *Assistant Floor Manager* **Lynn Richards**. *Film Cameraman* **Fintan Sheehan** [1-2,4]. *Film Recordist* **Bill Wild** [1-2,4]. *Film Editor* **Bernard Ashby** [1-2,4]. *Visual Effects Designer* **Christopher Lawson**. *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman**. *Vision Mixer* **James Gould** [1-2], **Carol Johnson** [3-4]. *Technical Manager* **Bob Hignett**. *Senior Cameraman* **Alec Wheal**. *Videotape Editor* **Graham Hutchings** [1], **Rod Waldron** [2-4]. *Studio Lighting* **Don Babbage**. *Studio Sound* **Trevor Webster**. *Costume Designer* **Dee Robson**. *Make-up Artist* **Fran Needham**. *Script Editor* **Eric Saward**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**. *Designer* **Marjorie Pratt**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Directed by* **Ron Jones**. *BBC © 1982.*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*Drn.*	*Rating (pos.)*	*A.App*
Part One	3 January 1983	6.45pm-7.10pm	24'37"	7.2M (74th)	69
Part Two	5 January 1983	6.45pm-7.10pm	24'42"	7.3M (66th)	70
Part Three	11 January 1983	6.50pm-7.15pm	24'37"	6.9M (89th)	67
Part Four	12 January 1983	6.45pm-7.10pm	24'28"	7.2M (82nd)	66

Crash of the titans



Hardened *Quakehead* **Alan Barnes** boots up BBC Multimedia's *Destiny of the Doctors* CD Rom – and gets his pixels in a twist . . .

Computer games are brilliant. There's not much to compare with the adrenaline rush you get when a Cacodemon glides out of the gloom in *Doom 2*, or when Lara Croft finally manages to execute that complex gymnastic sequence required to bridge a dizzying chasm in *Tomb Raider*, for example. Being both a deeply sad two o'clock in the morning PC gamer and a grizzled *Doctor Who* fan, I've been longing for the Doctor to enter the multimedia age . . .

And now, courtesy BBC Multimedia's eagerly-anticipated *Destiny of the Doctors*, he has. Touted as "mind-bending" and "action-packed", we've been promised animated monsters, backdrops, databases and guest appearances from four Doctors, plus Nicholas Courtney and Anthony Ainley. But can such an ambitious project possibly live up to expectations?

The *good* news is that the many new video sequences featuring the Master are absolutely priceless – lurid and slightly camp fantasies which suit Anthony Ainley's performance a great deal better than the po-faced melodramatics enforced upon him in most of his TV appearances. This Master's touch of grey about the crown bestows upon him the gravitas of no less than a malevolent Leslie Phillips – an impression palpably reinforced by a *Carry On* take to camera in the introduction screens. Each major 'challenge' is topped and tailed by a part-sinister, part-ridiculous sequence germane to its content – thus, to introduce the Second Doctor's Yeti-themed final game, in which the player must attempt to derail the Master's track-jumping Underground train, he appears as both an aitch-dropping ticket attendant issuing No Return billets and as a bowler-hatted Tube commuter hidden beneath an aptly-headlined broadsheet. Elsewhere, he's seen indulging in space-age Red Baron histrionics, crowning himself at a Medieval banquet, opening up a *Hellraiser*-styled Pandora's box which was formerly the property of one Celestial Toymaker . . . Best of all is the Seventh Doctor showdown, in which he chugs into view behind the wheel of an absurd *Wacky Races* red banger (registration number MAS 1) and growls "Where's your sense of 'umour?" at the player in a hopeless Mockney accent that's more Dick Van Dyke than Dick Dastardly. Ainley is a absolute revelation throughout, stealing all of Eric Roberts' TV Movie thunder; this is a Master who really *does* dress for the occasion, and then some.

The game itself, however, only occasionally equals the giddy ludicrousness of Ainley's immensely enjoyable scenes. The hardened fan, for example, will be fully aware that radio transmissions have the power to incapacitate Autons – but will be surprised to discover that specifically only former Radio 1 DJ Tony Blackburn's oleaginous tones have the power to disable them completely, actually causing their heads to drop off. The player might also be forced to head off towards the Master's shiny bathroom, dodging patrolling Silurians on the way. A player fully immersed in the game's machinations *might* not pause to ponder the bizarre nature of such a mission . . .

The game's extremely specific system requirements – a 60 mhz Pentium chip, 16mb RAM, double speed CD Rom drive, 16-bit colour, Windows 95, 50mb free on the hard drive and a Soundblaster audio card, and nothing else will suffice – seem, to an admittedly non-technical but seasoned PC gamer like myself, peculiar in the extreme. Most comparable multimedia products will at least permit the player to configure the game to one of several possible sound drivers, for instance; here, my ears were frequently assailed by recurrent pops and clicks through the crime of not having a precisely compatible sound card. The Read Me text which elaborates further upon such matters proved to be of little or no help, vaguely claiming that in virtually all instances of under-performance I must ensure that I have "the very latest drivers" fitted – without actually deigning to suggest which, precisely, these might be. Worse, it suggests that there is no way the game will play back smoothly at a frame rate of more than 640 x 480 unless you have a 200mhz chip fitted. I played the game quite happily and with no noticeable jerkiness at a resolution twice that – and with only a 100mhz chip. How odd.

Enough of such baffling jargon. Let's assume that you have the requisite kit, and you're willing to hand over £29.99 of your hard-earned. What can you expect?

Well, after you've completed the pleasingly straightforward installation process and selected 'New Game', you'll find yourself in the TARDIS console room, a concerned-looking Fourth Doctor face on the scanner screen. The plot, you'll have discovered, concerns the Master, a planet-sized brain, the trapping of seven Doctors

FACTS
NAME
SPECIES/TYPE
PLANET OF ORIGIN

The game itself only rarely equals the giddy sillyness of the Anthony Ainley scenes

in something called 'the Determinant' and you – the Graak, a strange entity created by the Doctor to help guard the TARDIS, or something. The Master's TARDIS has merged with the Doctor's, and consequently various hideous inhabitants of the Master's tame monster menagerie lumber through their joined corridors. Not that the plot matters one iota; put simply, to free the Doctor, you must dodge monsters in the TARDIS corridors, find the Master in a region called the Great Divide, and allow him to set you a task to complete or a riddle to solve. Once you've done that part right, you'll be able to duel with the Master or his lapdogs in some strange arena; if you win, you get to free one of the Doctors. Repeat six times until all the Doctors are freed, and – bingo! – game over. (Maybe.)

Your first views inside the game proper detail roundeled TARDIS corridors. Sadly, these – like most of the game's backdrops – are distinctly lacklustre and low on detail. They'd have been perfectly acceptable five or so years ago, but they're positively crude when compared to those seen in first-person perspective games over the last 12 months; 3D games at the cutting edge – *Quake, Duke Nukem 3D, Jedi Knight, Tomb Raider* – reveal dizzying, multi-layered arenas, not the terribly constrained and simple environs which feature here. One might speculate that this is a purposeful attempt to recreate television *Doctor Who*'s flat and budget-constricted studio corridor sets – but then again, maybe not. The lack of such variety in a game which involves a great deal of repetition is, frankly, short-sighted; you'll be sick to death of the TARDIS after just a couple of hours' gameplay, but the game necessarily returns to its surroundings many, many times.

The Master's TARDIS contains particular 'monster chambers', where the nasties stalking the Graak at any one time are based, but only the Quarks' room has any real perspective to it – all authentic *Dominators* styling, banks of symbols rising up the walls. Meanwhile, the Zygons' 'spaceship' is centred around an oddly inorganic staircase, and the Autons inhabit a lecture theatre of some kind for no readily apparent reason – why not a girdered factory, for heaven's sake?

The monsters are significantly better. Daleks, Cybermen, Sontarans, Ice Warriors and several others show polygonal faces, and despite a few misgivings regarding their noticeable lack of speed – press the 'shift' key as you're going forward and the baddies will be lucky to strike even a glancing blow – they're a strong addition to the package. The Yeti – the first creatures I encountered – lurch bowlegged like furry Chaplins, shooting golden cobwebs at the Graak; Autons, however, march like Cybermen – who in turn stoop stiffly, like drunks on autopilot home. You'll be afforded the opportunity to do away with the various monsters by clicking onto excruciatingly poorly-rendered objects you'll find scattered about the place – a sonic screwdriver, a fire extinguisher, a Dalekanium bomb – and each monster has its own death animation: Quarks and Daleks endure a Linda Blair headspin before collapsing. (Oddly, deaded monsters simply disappear shortly afterwards. Why?)

The riddles set by the Master range from the painfully obvious to the wilfully obtuse; once you've solved the set problem, you'll usually have to cross a grid of rotating cubes by only treading on those surfaces which bear a letter in the answer – or perhaps choose between a true or false, or bring the Master a particular object picked up on your travels. Irritatingly, the riddles don't always suggest what form the eventual solution might take. Worse, the screen which displays both the riddle and a section of map to help you in your quest is displayed but once, and then very briefly; keep a pen and paper handy if you don't want to find yourself – as I did, several times – wandering around grey corridors having completely forgotten what it is you're actually looking for.

Solutions are often found either in the 'City of Thoughts', a 600-entry encyclopaedia accessed via the TARDIS console, or on screens located within monster chambers. These fully cross-referenced dossiers, concise but well-written, are illustrated with screen grabs and clips from the series; the CD Rom might well double as an interactive reference source were it not for the fact that they can only be accessed from within the game – which is entirely perverse, considering that you'll only need less than one per cent of the information therein to play the game, tops – and the fact that the Graak loses 'life energy' by using these files. Look up 'Voord' or 'Zaroff' once too often, and you'll literally lose the will to live . . .

Having crossed the Grid of Stones, then, you'll be challenging the Master directly to release a Doctor. These seven showdowns all suffer from being difficult to control via the keypad; you cannot configure your mouse as a proper tool for shooting down, say, a spaceship, which means that these final challenges often come down to fluke. Ergo, I have absolutely no idea how I managed to win the Sontaran jousting tournament . . .

Fundamentally, *Destiny of the Doctors* is not a bad product – just thoroughly irritating at times, and one does have cause to wonder just how thoroughly playtested this rush release was. But there is no reason why, in the future, we shouldn't see 'straight' *Doctor Who* 3D shoot-'em-ups, or point-and-click adventures, or even strategy games (and maybe BBC Multimedia should sub-contract the realisation of such projects to software houses with a proven record in each format). Certainly, fans' tangible desire for a stand-alone interactive database or encyclopaedia remains frustratingly unsatisfied at present.

Let's hope that BBC Multimedia don't consider *Destiny of the Doctors* to be the *only* way they might exploit the limitless potential of *Doctor Who* on computer . . . **DWM**

"Help! I keep getting killed!"

A few hints and tips to see you on your way – so stop reading if you're determined to get through *Destiny of the Doctors* solo . . .

- Start by setting the TARDIS for the Third Doctor's time zone, where you'll find a radio transmitter to contact the ever-helpful Brigadier at UNIT HQ

- If you can't find the Great Divide, you can sometimes outwit the TARDIS by doubling back on yourself

- Press 'P' to pause the game if you're in trouble, and have a little think before re-entering the fray. Likewise, press 'H' for help whenever you begin a 'final challenge' – it'll tell you what keys to use!

- Look up and down frequently if you don't want to miss the occasional invaluable clue. Likewise, listen out for unusual sound effects – for instance, you won't be able to see the Zygon tracer at first . . .

- Fed-up players with Microsoft ActiveMovie software can cheat and play unseen Master sequences by opening up D:\video. You can also play series clips direct by following the path D:\log\data\images and then open up either 'events', 'monsters', 'objects', 'people' or 'races'

- Fancy hearing the Fourth Doctor asking "Would you like a jelly baby?" every time you open up a program? Or Daleks grating "Resistance is useless!" every time you exit Windows? Through My Computer\Control panel\Sound you can assign a spot effect from the CD Rom to these and many other events. You'll find sound clips by browsing through either 'monster' or sound\spot then 'gen1' to 'gen7'. Obviously, you'll only hear these when the CD Rom is in your D drive – otherwise, you'll have to copy the required files to a new folder on your hard disk. For "private and domestic use" only, of course

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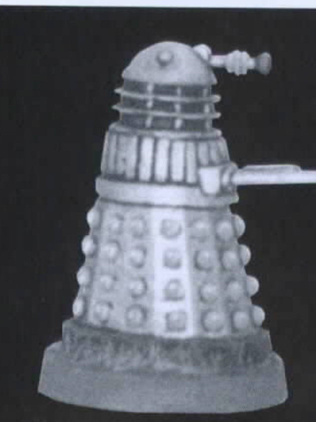

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Mary Tamm

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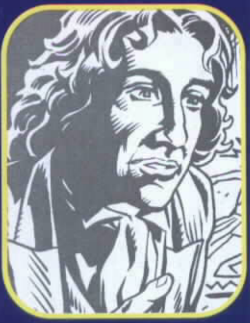
The Final Chapter



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